

# Catholic Digest

25¢

THE GOLDEN THREAD OF CATHOLIC THOUGHT

Vol. 6

JULY, 1942

No. 9

Protestant Missions in South America . . . . .	1
Eagles of the Arctic . . . . .	7
Russian Logic . . . . .	10
Dirigibles, Doctors and Divers . . . . .	13
The Burning of St. Mary's . . . . .	17
Don't Waste Manhood . . . . .	21
Artist Before the Virgin . . . . .	23
The World We Desire . . . . .	27
The Song of Bernadette . . . . .	30
The Baby in an Air Raid . . . . .	35
All These Things . . . . .	38
A Russian Mass . . . . .	40
Poplars to Paper . . . . .	47
Pearl of the Desert . . . . .	50
The Red Cross on All Fronts . . . . .	53
Spanish Aftermath . . . . .	56
Camel Caravan, U.S. Style . . . . .	61
Comic Magazines . . . . .	65
The Pride of South Boston . . . . .	69
The Chauvinism of Time . . . . .	74
The Spire . . . . .	77
Darkness Over Poland . . . . .	80
The Boss of the C. Y. O. . . . .	84
Words in Wartime . . . . .	91
Vitamins . . . . .	94

# CATHOLIC DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

Who is she who cometh forth as the sun, fair as  
Jerusalem? The daughters of Sion saw her, and called  
her blessed, and the queens praised her. And as in the  
days of springtide they surrounded her with the flowers  
of roses and with the lilies of the valley.

From Matins of the Feast of the Visitation.

## THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

55 E. TENTH STREET

ST. PAUL  
MINNESOTA



Entered as second-class  
matter, November 11th,  
1936, at the post office  
at St. Paul, Minnesota,  
under Act of March 3rd,  
1879.

Copyright 1942 by The  
Catholic Digest, Inc.



The Braille edition of The  
Catholic Digest is distributed  
gratis to the blind.



Indexed in the  
Catholic Periodical Index.

The policy of The Catholic Digest is to  
draw upon all Catholic magazines and  
upon non-Catholic magazines as well,  
when they publish catholic articles.  
We are sorry the latter cannot be taken  
as a general endorsement of every-  
thing in the non-Catholic magazines.  
It is rather an encouragement to them  
to continue using Catholic material.  
In this we follow the advice of St. Paul:  
For the rest, brethren, all that is true,  
all that is seemly, all that is just, all  
that is pure, all that is lovable, all  
that is winning—whatever is virtuous  
or praiseworthy—let such things fill  
your thought.



*Published Monthly.* Subscription price, \$3.00  
the year—2 years for \$5.00. Your own and  
a gift subscription \$5.00. No charge for foreign  
postage. Printed in the U. S. A.

Editor: Paul Bussard

Managing Editor: Louis A. Gales

Assistant Editors: Francis B. Thornton, Kenneth Ryan  
Edward A. Harrigan, Jerome T. Gaspard

Business Manager: Edward F. Jennings



# Catholic Digest

Vol. 6

JULY, 1942

No. 9

## Protestant Missions in South America

By JOHN ERSKINE

If Protestant missionary activity in South America violates our good-neighbor policy, intelligent Protestants will be first to protest. There is no use tearing down with one hand what we build with the other. If enough Protestants protest, the "work of pure destruction" will be made to cease. Herewith is an opening discussion of the problem by an eminent Protestant. Its purpose is not to divide democratic groups in North America but to show that we should cease to make divisions in South America. Another article by a professional writer who has observed Protestant activity in South America for 25 years will appear in the CATHOLIC DIGEST next month.

**Last autumn**, on my return from a visit to Argentina and Uruguay, I published an article on the relation of the U. S. to those countries, and by implication to the other countries in South America. My purpose was to name the chief blunders of which we are guilty in our approach to our neighbors in this hemisphere. We talk of good will, and no doubt our will is good, but we can't always claim as much for our manners. Instead of making friends, we give offense.

Among other causes of offense I mentioned the practice of some Protes-

tant bodies in sending missionaries to South America. I deplored the attempt, especially when organized in a foreign land, to win converts from one branch of Christianity to another. Such activity in South America seems the less excusable because the countries there are tolerant to all religions, quite as tolerant as the U. S., by and large, and it seems to me a queer return for charity and hospitality to dislodge a fellow man from the form of Christianity in which he was brought up and in which his pieties are rooted. Whatever may be the motives of this work, it seems to me, as I said in my article, pure destruction.

I was studying obstacles to international good will; my intention was not primarily to discuss Protestant or any other missions. The comments, however, which came to me after my article appeared, comments either adverse or approving, all centered on this one topic. I am convinced that the missionary question needs full and frank and immediate discussion. If there is to be

a helpful exchange of opinion, the initiative, I think, should come from a Protestant. I am glad that the ideas I here offer will appear in a Catholic magazine. What I say may not coincide in all respects with Catholic tradition, but at least it may indicate a point of view held by many Protestants, a point of view which we hope is not destructive nor unintelligent nor fanatical nor un-Christian.

Perhaps I ought first to introduce myself, or present my credentials. I am an Episcopalian. For various reasons, originally because of an interest in the history of music, I have acquired a more familiar acquaintance with Catholic doctrine, ritual, and discipline than is usually enjoyed by Protestants. I have a profound admiration for the art of thinking as developed by the Scholastics. This vast contribution to the intellectual life survives in the secular education of some Latin countries but not in all of them. Since I am a writer, and since I have had the privilege of following, according to my capacities, the career of scholarship, I naturally find myself much at home in countries which cherish the classical and medieval tradition and the Mediterranean culture. What I shall say here of North American missionaries in the Southern Hemisphere is colored, I know, by the fact that I recognize and value in all Latin countries a quality of mind and spirit which is not indigenous to the Anglo-Saxon or Germanic stocks from which my ancestry derives. This intellectual and cultural tradition in the Latin peoples may or

may not be due to the influence of the Catholic Church. Religion, of course, is concerned with various human needs, at different times and in different places. In the U. S., if I'm not mistaken, the emphasis on the magnificent philosophy of the Church is less pronounced than in some countries of the Old World. At least when I talk with my Catholic friends at home it does happen in some cases that I seem to know more about their philosophy than they do, and I take a livelier interest in it. In South America too, if I'm not mistaken, the Church does not stress primarily the intellectual aspects of the faith.

In a parallel tendency, which may be characteristic of America, Protestants grow weaker in their command of theology, and more preoccupied with the emotional or humanitarian aspects of religion. Their missionary work I should expect to be somewhat like their preaching, distinguished by will power, by loyalty to their faith, rather than by subtlety or precision in articulating it. If it is also true that Catholicism in South America is strong in its loyalty rather than in the command of its philosophy, then any collision in this hemisphere between Protestantism and Catholicism is liable to generate a maximum of heat, from which little benefit can come. Pity that Christians of whatever communion forget the obligation to love God with their mind as well as with their strength, their heart, and their soul.

Shortly after the publication of my article I received a protest from a re-



tired missionary, a man who has conscientiously and sincerely spent his life in a South American country doing what I called the work of pure destruction. I can't imagine any person less likely to agree with what I said, but he wrote with such courtesy and dignity that I read his letter with pleasure, though his reasoning, I think, was wrong at every point. In South America, at least in one part of it, he had found disease, poverty, ignorance, moral degradation, or at least some instances of these tragic developments. He had also found in South America the Catholic Church. He concluded that the misery and sin must be attributed to the inadequacies of the Catholic religion, and that therefore Protestantism should crash in on an errand of rescue. His argument at greater length was this: Jesus Christ said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." The purpose of the Protestant missions, he went on, was not to attack Catholicism as such but to preach the Gospel, which evidently Catholicism had failed to do, since in lands where it had long exerted its influence, evil and misery persisted.

The argument is absurd and easily answered, but it has been advanced before, and by missionaries who were not Protestant. If you don't like the religion of a country, it's entirely too easy to lay on it the blame of that country's social or economic shortcomings. The danger of the argument is that it may be turned on you like a boomerang. What about the individuals, even the

whole communities of them, who conduct themselves decently and with every symptom of civilization, yet may be allied with no Church?

Furthermore, it's a dangerous matter to estimate the truth of a religion by the plumbing in the homes of the worshipers. If the plumbing is inadequate or unhygienic, it should be improved, but no intelligent person would try to establish a connection between plumbing and religion. The sanitary arrangements in Assisi when St. Francis lived there were probably as bad as they could be. If we now know, as we think, the proper safeguards against disease, we must accept the responsibility of that knowledge. If the Protestant missionaries to South America occupied themselves simply as salesmen of the modern bathroom, I should see in their efforts a benefit to society as well as a stimulus to the manufacturer of bathtubs and water closets. But to argue even by implication that those who possess and use such conveniences have therefore a better religion than St. Francis, is an idiocy too painful to dwell on.

Moreover, South America is not the only part of the world in which underprivileged communities can be found—communities, that is, which may be rich in religious faith, in legend, in poetry, in artistic and cultural tradition, yet unprovided with modern plumbing. The mountaineers in our own southern states, though often living in material conditions which may be called primitive, are in higher matters the custodians of a precious culture. They

are for the most part Protestants, but I wouldn't give Protestantism the credit of that culture.

In other sections of our country there are people living in primitive conditions, in ignorance, in degradation, and depravity. I reminded my missionary critic that the people of the *Tobacco Road* district were all Protestants, of a peculiarly ignorant and fanatic type. If they were dealing with Catholics, they probably would show the Church of Rome little mercy. The South American, through the book and through the film, knows *Tobacco Road* well. Would he be right to blame that awful degradation on Protestantism? Would Jeeter Lester, poor half-wit, be a more hopeful human specimen, physically or mentally, if he were baptized into a new faith? We had better not link social conditions with the traditional religion of a country, not so long as the sore spots in human society are pretty equally distributed among all countries. There is plenty of room for our missionaries at home. The Catholics in South America have their hands full within their own borders. It would be well if we did our duty where we belong, and instead of tripping up our neighbor, wished a blessing on him for doing his duty also according to his conscience in the place which heaven has appointed for him.

My friend, the retired missionary, wrote that he and his colleagues "are endeavoring to follow the command of the Lord Jesus Christ, when He said in Matthew, 28:19 and in Mark, 16:15, 'Go ye into all the world and preach

the Gospel to every creature.'" My understanding of this command, especially in the longer version given in St. Matthew, is that we should carry the truth to those who have not already heard of it. The missionary activity of Protestants or of Catholics in those parts of the world which do not yet know the Christian philosophy, I admire, but the Gospel has already been preached in South America, and very well preached indeed. If my friend, the missionary, from his Protestant standpoint, questions the ability or the right of the Jesuit pioneers to introduce the Gospel before he arrived on the scene, or the authority of the older Church in the centuries before the various Protestant bodies came into their separate existence, he will, I am afraid, get himself into a tangle. His own conduct as well as his interpretation of history will show a contradiction. The words of Christ as reported by the first evangelists are, "Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." If the Protestant missionary in South America believes that the Catholic Church has not taught the Gospel, does he believe also that the Catholic Church has not baptized? Would he say that South Americans, though baptized into the Catholic Church, are still not Christians at all, but heathen? Of course he won't say this. He admits that the Catholic Church has authority to administer the sacraments, but he holds that its teaching is erroneous.

What teaching? When I ask that

question, you may perhaps give me credit for asking it from an entirely Catholic point of view. Frankly, that is not the case. If I could accept all the doctrines of the Catholic Church, or if the Church could overlook my skepticism as to some of its doctrines, I'd be a Catholic.

We must deal with a problem as complicated and as profound as human nature itself. Many Protestants believe, of course, that the Reformation was a moment of spiritual and intellectual progress; perhaps some Catholics admit at least a modicum of good in the work of the reformers. But I am one of those Protestants who regard the divisions among Christians as a vast tragedy. That the revelation of the love of God to men of good will should produce among the professed followers of Jesus prejudice, hostility, even hate, is such a paradox as a devil might invent. In time and in the mercy of God we shall, I believe and pray, be one again. The present state of Christendom calls for all the tact, sympathy, and intelligence of the wisest among us. A humble and faithful searching after God and His laws will, we must think, lead us toward greater harmony, and will at last unite us. But human nature will still be human nature in a reunited Christendom as before the Reformation. There will still be differences of temperament and of taste, and those differences, though often not essential, may none the less put a strain on charity.

The conflict was dramatized for me one morning as I came into the harbor

of Buenos Aires on the night boat from Montevideo. I was standing at the rail enjoying the view of the great city in the early mist, when a pleasant-looking young man stepped up to me and recalled that our paths had crossed in the Uruguayan city where I had been lecturing.

"I noticed," he remarked, "that you quoted the Bible, a story from the Old Testament."

This remark in that place and at that hour of the morning got my attention. I began to divide and define his words, in the best Scholastic tradition. Why should he consider it momentous that anyone should quote the Bible? Or that I should? Or that I should quote in particular the Old Testament?

"Would you mind telling me your attitude toward the Bible?" he went on.

I laughed. "What on earth do you mean?"

"From your novels I'd expect you to be a modernist, but you told that story as though you were a fundamentalist. Where do you stand on the higher criticism?"

He was incredible, but his manner was not impudent, and I felt no impulse to kick him overboard. "The higher criticism," I said, "seems to me highly speculative, but I suppose my approach to the Bible is peculiar."

"In what respect?" he asked eagerly.

"I read it."

That got a smile out of him, but he hurried on to important business.

"What about the missionary effort?"

"Oh, is it an effort?"

"I mean, do you approve of missionaries?"

"Just now," said I, "I'd hate to be one. I'd rather not talk to the heathen about the religion of love while the Christian nations are tearing each other limb from limb."

"I wasn't thinking of the heathen," he said. "My father has been a missionary in South America for over 30 years. He'll be on the dock to meet me. Father's a wonderful man. . . . Oh, there he is now! . . . Hi, yi! Hello, Dad!"

In the happiness of seeing his father he forgot me. His father, a tall, serious

man with a kind face, brightened with joy at sight of him.

There's the problem in the flesh. Even if I had talked with the young man longer, I would have said nothing to diminish his affection for the older man, yet every nerve in me cries out against the way his father had spent his time, and against the narrowness and lack of culture in the young man's questions.

God forgive my quickness in judging! I suspect absurdities and wanderings in my own mind and heart, which I haven't yet completely faced, but some day I must.



## Action vs. Propaganda

When stories are being related of the unworthiness of the Mexican clergy, there is one that should always be remembered. A few years ago, when the persecution was at its bloodiest and the resistance to it was becoming increasingly formidable, Calles thought of a solution; it was not a new one; it had worked very well in very similar circumstances in Tudor England; he proposed to found a national church; buildings should be opened to it, protection and financial support guaranteed; all the priests had to do was to resign their allegiance to the Pope and transfer it to Calles and, as a guarantee of their good faith, to marry. The alternatives were official favor and advancement and a comfortable domestic life on the one hand; persecution to the death on the other. Hostile propaganda had made the Mexican clergy notorious all over the world; they were said to care only for women and money; in many parts of the world their brothers had found it embarrassing to defend them. And yet in that whole malign society only three old reprobates could be found to accept Calles' offer. One of them was said to be at his job still, in an empty church somewhere in Mexico City; no one seemed to know exactly where.

From *Mexico: An Object Lesson* by Evelyn Waugh (Little, Brown, 1939).

# Eagles of the Arctic

Where stars are traffic lights

By ELLA WILSON HILL

Condensed from the *Catholic Boy*\*

It is different, this flying in Alaska. We who lived there noticed with interest that the first thing Colonel Buckner, commander of the new army air post at Anchorage, did was to order 6,000 pairs of snowshoes, packboards, and sleeping bags. The eagles of the north may have to take to the skies at 60° below, and forced landings are common. They fly over some of the world's worst stretches with no cabin or tree to tell them which is air and which ice. Many of the planes are now equipped with artificial horizon instruments, but for years they flew without them.

There is Harold Gillam, noted Alaskan pilot. The first time I met him he had just returned from a hazardous search for Col. Carl Ben Eielson, who crashed into a mountain in Siberia while on his way back from the *Nanuk* frozen in the ice off the Siberian coast.

Later, in 1932, Harold flew in 40°-below weather from Chitina to Klutina Lake, about 60 miles, where Amos Fleury had broken a snowshoe and plunged into an overflow on the lake, become entangled, and froze to the ice. Fleury was rescued by an Indian who managed to get word into Chitina. Harold flew out at once, but there was no sign of the injured man. He trudged in his flying togs to a lone cabin at the edge of the lake a mile and half away.

In the cabin he found Fleury with both feet and legs frozen solid.

By the time Harold got back to the plane with the injured man, an hour and a half had passed and his engine was ice cold. With a fire pot under it for a half hour he got it thawed out, but the battery wouldn't turn the engine over. He was forced to turn it by hand. It was a tough job there in the bitter cold with the constant thought hanging over him that the frost would seal his plane to the ice. But he made it, the plane lifted, and another life was chalked up to the credit of this fearless flier.

The progress of Alaskan flying has been unique. Both white men and brown went straight from canoes and dog teams to airplanes. At present the average Alaskan travels by air 17 times more than the average resident of continental U. S. Many Alaskan children — and a few adults — know almost nothing about trains and automobiles, but have ridden thousands of miles across the northern skies. The isolated mining camps of Alaska now depend almost entirely on airplanes. Amphibians are much used, so that landing can be made on either land or water as necessity demands.

Alaska has 128 airfields, and some of them are good ones. But glaciers, lakes, rivers, bars, and beaches still

\*25 Groveland Terrace, Minneapolis, Minn. June, 1942.



play an important part for wheels, pontoons, and skis.

My longest airplane trips were taken with Joe Crosson. It was Crosson who found and brought back the body of Colonel Eielson, and another sad mission was bringing in the bodies of Will Rogers and Wiley Post. Joe, one of the ablest and safest pilots in Alaska when carrying passengers, flew in terrific weather to Point Barrow with antitoxin in a diphtheria crisis. When pilots ride with death, they ride alone. Joe was the lad who flew with Sir Hubert Wilkins in the Antarctic.

It was Joe Crosson and Jerry Jones who faced the problem of rescuing a man and bringing out two bodies from the far reaches of Mt. McKinley during summer when they had to take off on wheels and land on snow. But no plane on wheels could possibly land on the ice fields and treacherous glaciers of Mt. McKinley. They would have to take off on skis. But how? They got the brilliant idea of soaking a field of grass until the skis would slip. It worked. They glided off, landed on a glacier, picked up and brought back their burdens.

These are just a few of Alaska's eagles who make mercy flights a matter of course. In a mining country much of their freight, naturally, is carrying mining machinery to remote sections where there are no roads. Machinery is carried in and raw gold is brought out.

Anchorage on Cook Inlet was a decidedly air-minded city even before the new army air base was located there.

Anchorage's own air base serves about 90,000 square miles in which there are less than 200 miles of road. Anchorage has an airplane to every 55 people. I have no world statistics on hand, but I think that's a record. Of course, I'm not including the new army air base, which is another story.

Alaskan aviators sometimes carry strange cargo. It was an Anchorage pilot who brought 12 live reindeer from Bristol Bay to Anchorage. The reindeer were for a moving-picture company, and part of the bargain was that every horn must be in perfect condition. The reindeer were tied and bound, and every tine of their antlers came through uninjured.

An argument lasting into weeks took place over a ten-pound live pig that a man in Flat, Alaska, had ordered sent by air. No life was at stake, so the pilot used a good brand of common sense about the pig and waited ten days for a storm to blow over. But the pig ate and gained nearly a pound a day while it waited; and the man in Flat couldn't understand why he should pay for the extra ten pounds.

There was no argument over the molar tooth, however. It was flown from Ophir Creek to Fairbanks, about 300 miles, and the freight cost was \$3.41. The molar had been extracted from some mining ground, weighed 12 pounds, and had once belonged to a prehistoric mammoth.

Alaska's airplanes are busy all the year round. A letter can be flown from Fairbanks to Seattle in 12 hours. Since June, 1940, regular mail and passenger



planes fly twice a week from Juneau to Seattle.

Trappers have standing orders for groceries and arrangements for flights back to the towns after the season is ended. In the most remote parts of Alaska, people know much more about

airplanes than they do about automobiles. An old-timer who had thousands of air miles to his credit was greatly bothered by the automobile traffic.

"I wish the consarned things would stay up in the air where they belong," he said.



### *To the Top*

During the Young Ireland disorders of 1848, nine young men were captured, tried, and convicted of treason against the queen. The sentence was death.

The presiding judge read the names of the condemned: "John Mitchell, Morris Lyene, Patrick Donahue, Thomas McGee, Charles Duffy, Thomas Meagher, Richard O'Gorman, Terence McManus, Michael Ireland. Have you anything to say before the court passes sentence?"

Thomas Meagher had been chosen to speak for them all: "My lord, this is our first offense, but not our last. If you will be easy with us this once, we promise on our word as gentlemen to try to do better the next time. And next time, sure we won't be fools enough to get caught."

The indignant judge sentenced them to be hanged by the neck.

But passionate protest from all over the world forced Queen Victoria to commute the sentence. The men were transported for life to the penal colonies of the then savage Australia.

In 1874 a Sir Charles Duffy was elected prime minister of Australia. The amazed Queen Victoria learned that this was the same Charles Duffy who had been transported for high treason 26 years before. She demanded the records of the other men who had been transported, and this is what she learned: Meagher was governor of Montana. McManus and Donahue were brigadier generals in the U. S. army. O'Gorman was the governor general of Newfoundland. Morris Lyene had been attorney general of Australia, to which office Michael Ireland succeeded him. McGee was president of the Council for the Dominion of Canada. Mitchell was a prominent New York politician who became the father of the Mitchell who was mayor of New York.

*The Queen's Work* (April '42).

# Russian Logic

Condensed from *International Correspondence*\*

Hope springs

**Sincere** admiration for the heroic resistance of the Russian people has brought, curiously enough, more uncertainty than enthusiasm to the minds of many Americans. Twenty years of deeply rooted resentment against atheistic bolshevism is not that easily brushed aside.

The single path leading to a firm and realistic position in this matter was clearly identified by Archbishop John T. McNicholas, O.P., of Cincinnati in his now famous pastoral letter of Oct. 30, 1941. "If we keep in mind," he said, "the clear distinction Pope Pius XI made between the system of atheistic communism, which he condemned, and the Russian people, whom he loved, we shall be able to rid ourselves of much perplexity regarding the Russian question."

The task of clarifying this distinction has been carried on by Radio Vatican in a series of broadcasts and by a series of remarkably documented articles in *Osservatore Romano*, *Civiltà Cattolica*, *La Famiglia*, and other papers and reviews close to the Vatican. These authoritative sources, after exhaustive inquiry and research, have come to two major conclusions: (a) the Russian people have heroically and unceasingly resisted all efforts at de-Christianization; (b) the Russian government now gives signs of increasing tolerance for religion.

Once before, in our time, the world

gasped at the fierce energy of the Russian masses. Russian workers and peasants fought tenaciously from 1917 until the end of 1920 against the White armies of czarism which, for more than two years, were aided by foreign battalions. Badly armed and badly organized, the Russian masses could not possibly have held out, could not possibly have achieved ultimate victory, were it not for the fact that some great and noble ideal inspired them to risk everything, and to sacrifice everything. This ideal was freedom, the deep and perhaps inarticulate hope and desire for a new and better world.

To understand contemporary Russian history it is essential to grasp the full measure of czarist tyranny.

The Russian people never enjoyed economic, social, political or religious freedom. Serfdom was abolished only as late as 1861. Even so, the old order of persecution and exploitation continued. To a far greater extent than in any other country on the face of the earth, the official state church was, in reality, just one cog in a vast bureaucratic machine. The czars had been cynical enough to appoint a layman, usually a military man, as the official chief, "procurator," of the Holy Synod [Greek Orthodox], and to bestow upon him complete authority in ecclesiastical matters over metropolitans and bishops. Roman Catholics and Protestants were persecuted.

\*Center of Information Pro Deo, 356 W. 22nd St., New York City. May 7, 1942.

It is a significant comment on the czarist regime that the Russian people had to await the socialist revolution of Kerensky (March, 1917) for a law guaranteeing freedom of religion. The tragedy of Kerensky was that the logic of the Russian people is the logic of wholeheartedness. All or nothing. The masses were not content with a partial revolution, with slow, cumbersome evolutionary changes. They wanted drastic, radical changes in a hurry. As a consequence, they went completely against tyranny and would be satisfied with nothing short of total revolution.

Dostoevsky knew his people so well that he could well afford to indulge in prophecy. In his novel, *The Brothers Karamazov*, he predicted that "when the Russian people will have liberated themselves from slavery, the first thing they will do is to look for a new master." Lenin, Trotsky, Stalin and other soviet leaders were probably astonished by the immense confidence and docility shown to them by the Russian peasants. After the total overthrow of the old order, these leaders were committed to the establishment of a total new order.

There is no reason to doubt that Lenin and his associates were moved and influenced by vague but inspiring ideals of brotherhood, justice and ordered freedom. They were confronted, however, with the mammoth task of replacing one concrete system of government with another equally concrete system. It is clear that they succeeded in creating the very opposite of a bourgeois individualistic order. But it is

equally clear that their narrow and purist collectivism could not be equated with certain basic elements in human nature. On the whole, however, their most serious ideological and psychological error was their decision to uproot the official state Orthodoxy by new intolerant state dogmas of materialistic atheism. Their choice for the official state philosophy was the already antiquated teachings of Hegel, Darwin and Karl Marx.

Once again the Russian people suffered persecution. But this time the unfathomable forces definitely awakened by a mighty upheaval did not take centuries to manifest their fundamental will. The Russian people taught the Soviet leaders, some of whom had indulged too much in cabinet philosophy during their long years of exile, some wholesome lessons in human nature. Lenin was clever enough to do what the czars had never done—take soundings in public opinion. As early as 1921 he inaugurated a new economic policy which, after many vicissitudes, is now rooted in the principle that suppression of abuses must not be allowed to suppress healthy incentives to profit and property.

Among other things, Stalin is a realist. He is far more interested in knowing what can be done than in learning what the textbooks say should be done. After 20 years of unceasing effort the Russian people, employing the technique of passive resistance, have won the right to maintain and even augment their property in a collective undertaking. By intelligence and per-

severance the Russian worker can increase his wages and may even invest his savings at interest in a bank or buy a home, but he cannot become an industrial capitalist. The sexual collectivism of comradeship-marriage has long since been abolished. Divorce and abortion have become more difficult. The old dogma that children are state property is practically ignored and "family life" is used today as a slogan in communist propaganda. The utopian ideal of a classless society has been relegated to dreams of the far-distant future while new classes develop constantly in civil and military life.

The discovery of the hidden vitality of Christianity in Russia has been paramount. Russian Christianity has always been unconventional, based on deep sentiment and absolutely uncontrolled by the visible framework of the state church. The persecution organized by the bolshevik government did not have the desired effect on the souls of the profoundly religious masses. The League of the Militant Godless, founded in 1935 as a last ruthless attempt to destroy Christianity, had to confess as early as 1937 that two-thirds of the rural and one-third of the urban population was still religious. In 1939 this same league had to admit that 50% of the entire youth of the nation was still religious and that more than 40,000 religious communities were being supported by loyal worshipers. The so-called "new religious policy" began in 1939. At a joint session of the League of Militant Godless and the Historical Institute of the Academy of Science

the new propaganda theme was accepted. "Christianity has played an important part in the struggle against slavery, has proclaimed the equality of man regardless of race or class, and has introduced a democratic spirit into human relations." The gradual introduction of more tolerant regulations begins to give the impression of systematic efforts: the re-establishment of Sunday, of icons, of Christmas trees, of candles and vigil lights, of Easter cakes, of Christian names, and of civil rights for priests, and, lately, the abandonment of atheist propaganda.

One of the most beautiful Russian films, *St. Petersburg Nights*, based on two novels of Dostoevsky, expresses the specific trend of the moment almost prophetically. A genial composer, son of the people, is mastered by the most wonderful rhythms. His melodies full of brotherhood and pity are, he knows, the quintessence of the soul of the Russian people. His songs are not understood by bourgeoisie and bureaucrats, but are loved by the masses. At the climactic moment, however, he discovers that "there are no words for my song."

The composer's tragic discovery is symbolic of the present Russian situation. Russia has found no expression for its deeper tendencies in czarism and bolshevism. The present masters of Russia are becoming increasingly aware that their purist, narrow and doctrinaire interpretation of communism will not satisfy the deeper cravings of the Russian people for liberty, equality and fraternity. It would seem

that providence has used the nazis to smash Russian isolationism. The Russian people fight on the side of Christian nations who know full well that all men are created equal and that true brotherhood of man is possible only under the Fatherhood of God.

If the Christian nations do not forget their Christianity when peacetime reconstruction begins, there will be no turning back for Russia. The logic of the unconquerable Russian people is to make the dreams of human and religious freedom come true.



## Dirigibles, Doctors and Divers

By M. E. MELVIN

Gas without evil

Condensed from *Extension*\*

**Over the** earth, on the earth, and in the waters under the earth hazards to human life that once exacted a heavy toll are being reduced to a negligible degree. The use of a rather recently discovered and very strange gas has turned the trick.

The story of its accidental discovery and the sleuthing done in following up its clue make one of the most romantic chapters of modern science. It is the story of helium gas, dubbed this name from *helios*, meaning the sun. Sun gas, then!

Old Sol had been flashing his signal for untold millions of years, and nobody read the signal. Not until Janssen in France and Lockyer in England, less than 75 years ago, experimenting with a spectroscope, noticed a new band of light. Ah! there was something new in the sun. For lack of a better name, Lockyer called it *helium*. But what of

it? Other scientists verified his discovery; still there was nothing that could be done about it. Just another interesting "find" for scientists. Twenty-six years passed. Then, one day in 1894 an American, W. F. Hildebrand of the Geological Survey, was heating a mineral conglomerate, and there boiled out minute quantities of a strange gas. He mistook it for nitrogen and reported it so. Just three days later a British chemist, Sir William Ramsay, hearing of the experiment, tried it, and sparked the unknown gas in a vacuum tube. It gave off the same bright yellow lines that had been discovered in the sun.

Other scientists then took up the trail. Very small quantities were found. A Dutch scientist, Onnes, spent a fortune, and accumulated not over 100 cubic feet of the gas. The cost ran up to an excess of \$2,500 per cubic foot.

But scientists did discover it to be

\*360 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. June, 1942.



the strangest of all gases. Next to hydrogen it was the lightest known substance. It refused to burn under any circumstances. Nor would it consent to combine chemically with any other substance. And it is the most stubborn of all gases to liquefy. It refuses until 450° below zero Fahrenheit is reached. Long before this all other gases surrender to liquid form. It is the aristocrat among gases, marked by its aloofness from the common herd of substances and by its reluctant obedience to come forth for service.

So helium was regarded as a sort of chemical oddity, good for nothing more than a plaything for the laboratory, until one day in 1903 a gas well came in near the town of Dexter, Kan. The oil boom of the Southwest was at its height. While they were boring for oil at 300 feet the well began to spew. A geyser of mud, gravel and water spouted over the derrick with a roar. It was gas and not oil. Well, gas was valuable and the town of Dexter proceeded to celebrate. The mayor orated, and then struck a match with great gusto to demonstrate what Dexter had. The match went out! Gas that would not bake a biscuit or fry an egg was worthless. The well was plugged. People returned to their work and forgot the worthless gas. Samples were sent to the state university. The report stated that the helium content was high. But who wanted helium?

Ten years passed. The World War came on. An Englishman heard of the report and representatives were sent to examine the Dexter gas. Noninflam-

mable, next to hydrogen in lifting power, it was just what England wanted for its dirigibles. Then our government stepped in when we entered the war in 1917 and began in earnest the production of helium. Experts were sent out to explore gas fields. An area of 50,000 acres near Amarillo, Texas, was selected for a plant. Our government has there today the only helium plant in the world. More than 100 million cubic feet of helium gas have been processed from the natural gas of that field. In 1915 the cost of a cubic foot of helium was about \$1,700. Today it is being produced at a cost of 1c per cubic foot. Other gas fields have been taken over by the government and held in readiness against the coming day of need. What was once thought to be a worthless oddity has come to be one of our most prized natural resources.

What is it good for? Principally, so far, for dirigible balloons, for doctors' use with certain respiratory diseases, and for deep-sea divers. But fields for further use are opening.

The history of hydrogen-filled airships is a long story of tragedy, because even the friction of opening or closing a door in an airship has been known to ignite hydrogen. The British *ZR-2* exploded in 1921 with 62 men lost; the American *Roma* exploded in 1922 with 34 men lost; the French *Dixmude* exploded in 1923 with 52 men killed. The German *Hindenburg* exploded in 1937, on landing in this country, with a loss of 36 men. Our government agreed to sell 17,900,000 cubic feet of helium to Germany, but Hitler ab-



sorbed Austria soon thereafter. The German ship, *Dessau*, docked at Houston, Texas, in January, 1938, for helium. And though the helium was ready on the wharf in storage tanks the *Dessau* returned without its cargo.

Although hydrogen ranks first in lifting power, helium is a close second. Equivalent volumes of hydrogen and helium, for example, will lift 100 pounds and 93 pounds, respectively. This slight disadvantage is more than offset by the safety of helium.

Medical men soon saw the possibilities of this strange gas in ailments of difficult breathing. It is tasteless, odorless, nonpoisonous, and is only one-seventh the weight of the useless nitrogen we breathe in to throw off at once. A doctor, watching a patient struggle for breath, began to wonder if a lighter air would help. His mind turned to helium for an experiment. He knew that nitrogen makes up 78% of the air; if this could be taken out and helium and oxygen alone were combined for a breathing material he would have an air only about one-third as heavy as ordinary air. He tried it and it worked! The news spread. Today the use of helium is accepted by the medical profession.

The clue given by the spectroscope led to Davy Jones' locker. When it comes to breathing under abnormal conditions no one is subjected to greater hazards than those who live by diving. Soon after the peculiar qualities of helium were known, the scientific men of the Bureau of Mines and of the U. S. Public Health Department began

to experiment with rats and guinea pigs to determine the effects of breathing an air made up of oxygen and helium while under great pressure. Results were astounding. They proved that animals could be subjected to a pressure of 500 pounds to the square inch, equal to an undersea depth of 1,200 feet, and show no ill effects, but with ordinary air at this pressure death was almost immediate.

Then the U. S. submarine *S-51* was rammed and sunk off Newport, R. I., in 135 feet of water. This tragedy offered the first chance to test helium on divers. Results were beyond expectation. And with this test there opened large possibilities for diving, increasing the depth to which divers may safely descend, and also in eliminating the dread disease of all divers, the "bends."

The diving apparatus of a diver must at all times have a pressure inside equal to the water pressure outside. At 200 feet this inside pressure is about 100 pounds to the square inch, or about 115 tons for an average man's body. This enormous pressure forces the air he is breathing, which is one-fifth oxygen and four-fifths nitrogen, into every possible cell of the body. The nitrogen, unable to be used by the tissues, goes into the blood stream in the form of tiny bubbles. As the pressure increases by depth more nitrogen is taken up in the blood. The danger to the diver comes on his ascent. As the pressure is decreased by his ascent the bubbles escape from the blood much as gas in soda pop fizzes when the cap is removed. The disease is fatal when these bubbles

accumulate in the brain or in the spinal column. To avoid the terrible agony of the "bends," a long time must be consumed by the diver in ascending. After 45 minutes at 200 feet under water he must take two hours in coming back. And time is important.

Here helium steps in. It and oxygen in the right proportion are fed from the surface to the diver's chamber. The helium is so much less soluble in the blood, and is thrown off so much more rapidly than nitrogen, that the process of decompressing a diver is reduced to one-third or one-fourth the time ordinarily required.

This part of the story of Mother Na-

ture's magic child, helium, must stop here. Some day other valuable uses will be discovered. One chemist has already found that as a food preservative its possibilities are untold. He took a cake, put half in an atmosphere of helium and half in ordinary atmosphere. At the end of two months the half in helium was fresh and tasty, while the other was stale and moldy. Orange juice, after being six months in helium, showed no deterioration.

In television, radio tubes, metallurgy, electric transformers, experiments are going on that may some day revolutionize many accepted plans and processes of living.



A southern modiste vouches for this story, though she declines for obvious reasons to furnish names.

One of her patrons was entertaining at a buffet supper. She ordered for the occasion an especially fine imported cheese. As she left the house for an afternoon's engagement, she reminded the butler that the cheese would be delivered.

"Be sure to put it in the icebox immediately," she ordered.

An hour later a special messenger arrived with a package. The butler signed, and promptly stowed it in the already bulging icebox.

When the lady returned, she seemed highly excited.

"Harvey," she demanded, "did a small, registered package arrive this afternoon?"

"Yes, madam," he replied.

"Well, where is it?"

"I put it in the icebox, madam, as you ordered. You'll find the cheese there."

"The cheese!" she cried. "That wasn't cheese. That was my dear, dead husband's ashes, just returned from the crematory."

The buffet supper was served sans butler.

"I'll not stay one night in a house," he calmly announced, "where dead men are packed and delivered like cheese."

*The Catholic Mirror* (May '42).

# The Burning of St. Mary's

Night's work, if you can do it

Condensed from the *Downside Review*\*

**It is** a spring evening in Liverpool. To a superficial glance St. Mary's is untouched. The priest, as he leaves the pulpit after May devotions, notices the warm glow of sunshine that draws deeper color from the massive west window, burnishes the dark tiles of the sanctuary till they glow like flowing water, and settles benign as a blessing on every corner of the building.

But in reality the church was already shaken. The Battle of the Atlantic, which included air raids on all the western ports, had reached Liverpool the previous evening. In the early hours of the morning there had fallen a bomb whose blast broke windows, severed radiators, shook down masses of plaster from the roof, dislocated cornerstones and a main upright of the big window, and, most ominous, stripped tiles from the roof of the church which lay towards Exchange station.

Soon after supper of the same day the attack was renewed. The first of a sheaf of incendiaries was detected in a passage alongside the undercroft of the church, where some 300 parishioners regularly sheltered. The blaze was at first dimly seen. Soon the hose was unravelled, and a spray brought to bear.

Then word came of incendiaries on the roof: two priests and some other men ran upstairs with a chemical extinguisher. Out on the flat library roof they saw an incendiary blazing just beyond the sacristy. As one of the priests

scrambled with the extinguisher over the steep pitch of the roof, he saw through the skylight trickles and runnels of flame moving along the vestments laid out for the Sunday Masses. The other priest went below then, and dealt with the fire by means of another extinguisher. The first proceeded to tackle his incendiary, finishing it off with sand.

Then it was seen that two other incendiaries had lodged firmly in the church roof: one above the Sacred Heart statue near the altar on the Epistle side, one at the far end just short of the baptistery. With admirable spirit, young men of the congregation started to scale the bare walls. Then a ladder was hoisted from the back yard. Sand was passed up and applied while another detachment hurried round to attack the second bomb. The priest, long trained to cricket, lobbed a sand-bag onto another incendiary inaccessiblely wedged, and outed it with the first throw.

Meanwhile the air was rent with the rapid fire of anti-aircraft guns, and slashed with the hiss of fragments. Unmistakably through the din came the ominous whistle of bombs, and ever and anon, as the roof party flattened themselves against the masonry until the crash was over, a St. Mary's boy in khaki, home on leave, would cry out, "All right: carry on! That one has missed you."

\*Stratton-on-the-Fosse, near Bath, England. April, 1942.

Soon it became apparent that the fire had too firm a hold on the pitch-pine beams to be strangled from the outside, and both parties hurried down into the church. In the darkness the light hose was quickly fitted to the sacristy tap. Nothing happened. The water supply was cut.

Soon a tap in the basement of the new house was found to function; ladders were erected; and a stirrup pump set going at each end of the church. It was heartbreaking work to maintain a supply of water in the dark, even with a chain of buckets; but at least the fire was checked.

In the street a Lancashire fire-fighting unit had appeared and an A. F. S. man, a parishioner, made contact with it. Five hoses were fitted, but only one would draw; and even then the pressure was meager. An attempt to operate from the organ loft failed for the same reason. Then the priest took from its shrine the relic of the Little Flower, and through her invocation full pressure was obtained.

By now the sky was visible through a great hole in the roof, but there seemed every prospect of the fire being checked. The priest went down under the church to see his people. Their uneasiness was being increased by the inrush of 50 dishevelled fugitives from another shelter. An A. F. S. man was carried in rigid and staring after being blown down the steps by the blast of a bomb. The crockery in the shelter canteen had emptied itself onto the attendant. But these were temporary setbacks.

The other priest, after moving the Blessed Sacrament to a house made available across the road, returned to get the sacristy things. There now remained the problem of getting the people away.

It was arranged that when the bombs eased off a little, the warden should blow his whistle as a signal to evacuate the crypt. The priest went down again and told his people to prepare to move. There was a gathering up of bedding and a dangerous swirl towards the sole remaining exit. It was necessary to post a cordon of calmer folk across the center, and men at intervals to prevent panic. But the best strategy was the Rosary. The calm, even beat of the familiar prayer soothed and steadied every fluttered heart. Then the priest told of a war Christmas in 1917, and adventures grave and gay, so that when the whistle blew suddenly, nerves were calm again. Slowly and with discipline the crowd filed out and were escorted to other shelters, the women with hands over their heads, for one's shawl caught fire in the few yards of transit. Last of all, priest and warden carried an old woman of 79, just skin and bone, over the road to safety.

There seemed no reason then why rectory and hall should not burn, too. The priest gathered up some possessions and followed his confrere to security in the house where the Blessed Sacrament reposed. He stayed there for half an hour, seeing, in retrospect, cruel flames licking the lofty roof above the church. At intervals came

crashes of masonry as the heat loosened the mortar and the high groining fell.

Then, unable to rest, he returned to the rectory and opened the front door. A terrific blaze, orange and crimson, seemed to leap at him, but it was only reflection from the glazed bricks of the yard walls. The flames were still circling like things possessed within the sacristy, devouring vestments, and cupboards gorged with £30 worth of candles, but defeated to the end by the iron safe containing the 200-year-old parish records and the sacred vessels. But already the fire was eating into the passage adjoining the rectory, and its cupboards full of boys' cassocks.

Suddenly things began to happen. A man ran across the street with a stirrup pump in his hand. A woman threw open a window; she had a bathtubful of water saved. Others found a tap far off in Leeds St., and hurried to and fro with buckets. A docks' foreman arrived and began to clear away the cassocks. A second pump was then manned and posted in the passage, while the first was operated by a lad perched on top of a bookcase in the library. The unbelievable happened. As he watched, the priest saw the devouring flames stay, falter, creep back to the sacristy.

After half an hour of hard encounter (it was now 7:15 A. M.) a full-sized hose was obtained, joined up, found wanting, lengthened, attached to another hydrant: and suddenly, with a tumult sweeter than music, a rush of water leaped into the inferno beyond.

Now up came the old housekeeper,

"Is there going to be a seven-o'clock Mass, Father?" "Go away," said the priest, "till this fire is under control." He went up onto the library roof again, and men came after with a pump to attack the fire from above. On the roof beyond a fireman was preparing his hose to play on an outbreak in the adjoining roof. Waiting for the tiles to be hacked open, he lent the aid of his hose; then, swinging to his proper target, drenched the priest in transit.

But the fire was at bay now, though one lad, working his pump, felt a flicker of flame brush the back of his hair as it leaped unsuspected from a window. The "raiders past" signal was a couple of hours old; and outside, these Liverpool Catholics began to drift in past blazing buildings and over ruin-littered streets, looking for Sunday Mass. Word was passed round: "Mass upstairs in the hall at eight o'clock."

The Blessed Sacrament was brought back, wrapped in a charred chasuble. Salvaged branch candlesticks were the only ornaments of the altar. Enough linen and vestments had been rescued for immediate needs, and a chalice and hosts and wine. One woman, lately sick, staggered up with a huge altar stone, carried with superhuman toil from ruined Holy Cross.

People knelt on the dusty floor, grateful for life. To many, Holy Communion was distributed with Hosts consecrated in the days before disaster, a link to be remembered. Immediately after, a time bomb went off with a terrific explosion that rocked the build-

ing. Frayed nerves set people starting to their feet. The priest, unrubrically, turned to them and said, "There is nothing whatever to become alarmed about," and hoped that what he said was true.

The old housekeeper scored the last trick. She had saved the Sunday roast, and, in collusion with the district nurse, provided the jaded Fathers with as good a Sunday dinner as they had ever tasted.



### *The Voice from Under the Hat*

Closing night of the men's retreat. The renewal of baptismal vows was done, and the great church was misty with the smoke of nearly 1,000 quenched candles which now lay in white rows along the dark benches.

The last hymn was being sung. I believed in my voice and I raised it to the very dome, up through candle haze and shadow. Though tempted to skip a line or two in silence to enjoy the volume of a thousand voices, I resisted, fearing the other 999 would fail without me. Soon my sense of the power of my singing was confirmed by those around me. They began to glance in my direction. I lifted my voice in still higher ecstasy, earthbound only in the consciousness that more eyes than ever were on me. A perfect crescendo of song and pride and I had finished.

As we made our slow way out of the crowded benches those around me stared openly. Passing down the aisle men plucked at my sleeve, patted my shoulder. I shook them off, feeling that the church was no place for this adulation. At last one old man gripped my arm and would not be denied. I turned to tell him to keep his praise at least until we had got outside.

"Take off your hat," he said.

I had sung through that last long hymn with my hat rising like a Spanish galleon from that sea of bared and baldish heads. Somehow it spoiled my faith in my voice.

*Irish Digest* (Aug. '41).



# Don't Waste Manhood

By BILL BROWN

Light for the bay window

Condensed from *Columbus*\*

**Why should** 50% of the young men in the U. S. who are examined for conscription be unfit for military service?

Astonishing as that may sound, it is nevertheless quite true. This fact was brought out several weeks ago by a group of sports writers who printed a report made by John B. Kelly, the former Olympic rowing champion, who is assistant director of Civilian Defense in charge of physical training.† The program which Jack Kelly, a most capable man in his field, has mapped out for the youth of the nation is a sound one, and with every American supporting it we should have millions of healthy young men in 1943.

It has been decided there should be two classifications for the deferred candidates—class 1, for those with correctable physical defects; and class 2, for those with uncorrectable deficiencies. At a time like this, when we need all the man power available, the first class of rejected men might be acceptable for duties now being performed by able-bodied soldiers, sailors and coast guardsmen. There's no reason why a physical training program cannot be worked out for these candidates which would allow them to perform these tasks and at the same time build them up for active combat duty when their

deficiencies have been corrected. This would release physically fit men for regular army and navy duty in the combat areas; and it would build up the physically unfit for the same duty. In any event, whether they are used for active duty or not, they will be better specimens of manhood returning home than when they left for the service.

Unfortunately for our country, this lack of physical well-being has been brought about largely because of the attitude of our universities toward physical education. Two other contributing causes are modern conveniences and improper diet.

In the U. S. there are comparatively few universities where physical education is compulsory. Little or no attention is given to the physical fitness of the student body as a whole, but there are hundreds of universities spending thousands of dollars to condition athletic teams.

Too many of our youngsters have been pampered to the extent of making them physically deficient. Parents are to be blamed for this. In the morning, the boy might have the accepted "Yankee" breakfast of coffee and buns. I've even had a mother tell me she gave her son cream puffs for breakfast, because he liked them so much. Luncheon and dinner follow the same pattern. If parents only took time to study

†See CATHOLIC DIGEST, Jan. '42, p. 15.

\*1 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn, N. Y. May, 1942.

the problem they would find it is far more economical, and certainly more beneficial, to serve fruit juice, a cereal and a glass of milk in the morning, and equally nutritious meals at luncheon and dinner. Most parents don't realize the harm they are doing to their children by sanctioning a diet that does not contain the necessary vitamins.

The automobile was a wonderful invention, no doubt one of the greatest conveniences of our time, but, insofar as physical fitness is concerned, the automobile is the greatest curse this country has ever had. The recent government edict with regard to the sale of automobiles and tires is a blessing in more ways than one. Years ago when we wanted to go somewhere, we usually walked. Today, we either drive our own car or hail a taxicab.

The disciplinary routine of the West Point cadets, the physical education they receive and the diet they follow are well known. The Naval Academy and the U. S. Coast Guard Academy programs are patterned along similar lines. Through the years, I have seen these army men return to the Point and though the years may have thin-

ned their hair, or dappled it with gray, all of them still possess the fine physiques they had while cadets at the academy.

Every young man who has completed his training at West Point, Annapolis or the Coast Guard Academy realizes the importance of being physically fit. He knows the true value of systematic exercise, the correct amount and the manner in which it should be carried out. All these men are qualified to act as physical training officers, capable of supervising a body-building program. Together with medical officers, they could arrange a series of exercises, and divide the candidates into classes, each designed for a specific form of exercise. These smaller classes might be guided by noncommissioned officers drawn from the competitive sports field or from physical-education schools. As each man progresses in his class, he could be transferred to the more advanced physical-training groups and eventually be made available for active combat duty.

Do not waste manhood. Retrieve what can be and build it up as perfectly as possible.



## Beginnings...XXXVII...

### GEORGIA

*First Priests:* The chaplains of De Soto in 1540.

*First Mass:* Presumably by one of De Soto's chaplains in 1540.

*First Recorded Baptism:* Ignatius Scott by Father Mercier, Nov. 13, 1796.

Gilbert J. Garraghan in *Mid-America* (April '39).

# Artist Before the Virgin

Joy of discovery

By ADÉ DE BETHUNE

Condensed from *Orate Fratres*\*

I confess that in my childhood I never had any devotion to the blessed Virgin Mary. I admit experiencing a vague sense of guilt at this heathen lack of devotion. But I couldn't help it. Devotion cannot be forced. And the grayish, slick holy pictures which I saw, showing a prissy young woman with lilies, all bathed in an ethereal, clammy fog, did not help matters in the least.

I disliked girls anyway. Too many of them were icky and sissy, and little and trivial. The "pious" ones gave me a pain. I was utterly miserable at the thought that I had to be a girl and would be going to school with girls for the rest of my life. The blessed Virgin was said to possess all the qualities of perfect femininity in the utmost degree. I just couldn't stand her.

Raphael, Rubens and other such "great masters" were revered by grown-ups in hushed tones. Their productions were "Art." This was very refined. But I could not make myself like these pictures. In fact, I was ashamed of the glamor girl and the babies, with and without wings, who had smilingly posed for their portraits.

The pictures of the Mater Dolorosa made me particularly uneasy; not because I lacked sympathy for the poor Mother who lost her Boy, God forbid; but because I was embarrassed by the

sensational manner in which she was showing off what seemed an insincere sorrow, to the unfeeling curiosity of idle visitors.

The only pictures of the blessed Virgin which I liked were strongly colored ones in Italian chromolithography. I was a little ashamed of this also, and for nothing in the world would I have dared admit it to anyone, as the love of bright colors was said to indicate vulgar taste. In secret, however, I enjoyed the gaudy pictures. But I am afraid it was not the blessed Virgin I liked; it was the color.

When I was old enough to visit museums, I became aware of Flemish primitive paintings. Then I began to be a little happier about the whole thing. I began to like the Virgin Mary as she had been minutely painted by the devoted Flemings of old. I liked her because she was all in brilliant colors, and because she was not vague, but every detail of the picture was clearly thought out and accurately defined. I liked her because she nursed her dear little baby Boy at her own breast, just as my mother had nursed my little baby brother for a year after he came to live in our house, or because she fed him from a nice little wooden spoon, or because, in Passion pictures, her real tears, hard-contained, spoke of her immense sorrow. I liked her be-

\*Collegeville, Minn. May 17, 1942.

cause the pretty blue landscape outside her window could be seen for miles up to the flat horizon of our own lowlands. I am afraid, however, I liked her in those pictures mostly because I was Flemish myself.

When I became 16 I was all through with my higher education, and found myself in an art school where the new world of Fra Angelico, Giotto, and their forerunners was gradually opened to me. I was an ambitious youngster and spent hours in museums and libraries. I liked the blessed Virgin I found there. The only trouble was that such pictures were to be found only in museums and not in churches. And it did not seem natural to me at that time to have the same mind in a museum that one might have in a church. I am very much afraid I liked the primitive panels, the Romanesque carving, the early stained glass, illuminations and enamels, the great Byzantine mosaics, much more because they were beautiful works of art than because they might be the blessed Virgin. I was more familiar with the blessed Virgin than I was with Siva or Buddha, so her pictures had more of an attraction for me, but, as works of art, I liked everything beautiful regardless of what it represented.

All that still did not give me any devotion to the Virgin Mary as a person. When occasionally I wandered into church and knelt down to pray, I would of course not close my eyes and think of the absent museum and library. It is only natural for anyone to open his eyes to the things found

in the place where he happens to be. So I had to squeeze whatever devotion I could from the commercial plaster statues and sentimental muddy paintings. I confess it was little.

Had I known more about the blessed Virgin herself, I could have been devoted to her in spite of her representations. But here I must confess that I had refrained carefully from reading any books on the subject, because of the gushing samples of Mariology, in verse or in prose, upon which I had chanced in pious books given to us at retreats, or which had been read to us in grade and high schools. The sermons on the blessed Virgin which came as a part of our yearly school retreats, in spite of all their eloquence, also left me completely unmoved. As for the little reminders which the Sisters gave us of the Virgin's virtues, as stars of pearls, and of the saints' glowing devotion to her—I am sorry to say they got under my skin. I disliked saying the Rosary, and did so only at public devotions at school when it could in no way be avoided.

On account of the unreasonable annoyance I once had for all things related to the Virgin Mary, I have not yet been able to make a picture of her that comes anywhere near to being the least bit satisfactory. But, please God, I may improve in time. I became converted in various ways. But first of all, of course, by trying to explain her to a non-Catholic.

I had a dear friend, a devoted Baptist, whom I had known in art school. (She now goes to a Presbyterian

# SUBSCRIPTION ORDER

**SUMMER SPECIAL**  
**5 MONTHS \$1**  
**FOR ONLY 1**

SEND **THE CATHOLIC DIGEST**

To \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Please send for 5 months  
for \$1.00 ☐

Please send for 12 months  
for \$3.00 ☐

Please send for 24 months  
for \$5.00 ☐

Start with month of \_\_\_\_\_

DON'T FORGET THE BOYS IN SERVICE



Postage  
Will Be Paid  
by  
Addressee

No  
Postage Stamp  
Necessary  
If Mailed in the  
United States

**BUSINESS REPLY CARD**

First Class Permit No. 607, Section 510, P. L. & R. St. Paul, Minnesota

**THE CATHOLIC DIGEST**

**55 EAST TENTH ST.**

**ST. PAUL, MINN.**





church.) Every week we got together after work with two other girls and chewed the rag for hours on end, about art, music, literature, etc. Invariably we found ourselves at the end of the evening talking about God. The good Baptist was as prejudiced as granite against anything Catholic. So we never even used any Catholic terminology. But that in no way affected our good times in talking about God, since He can be talked about in any tongue. Every once in a while, however, when she got me alone, she dropped some cracks about fat, lazy monks and scandalous Popes, which cracks I always dutifully laughed off. But the day when she made a low crack about the blessed Virgin, somehow or other I got red-hot mad. Then I became very calm and told her she didn't understand.

We had been talking a lot about the way in which the Christ-life grows in the soul, just like her own little rubber plant grew in its tiny little flowerpot, on her dreary New York window sill. Then I told her that generations of women had wished and prayed to be the mother of the Messiah who was to come; that it could happen to only one woman; that it happened to Mary. She was the woman inside of whom our Lord Himself grew and developed into a little baby. Inside of her He was living physically. She was privileged to be pregnant with Him. But I told her also that we were privileged, too, not with His little infant body within ourselves, but with His life within our souls. We are all Christbearers. Christ lives in us.

Because she liked to make pictures I told my friend that this idea of the Christ-life within us was to be found in all pictures of the Mother and the Child, that these pictures were pictures of ourselves, that the Mother represented us, that she stood for all of us. My friend was moved by this. She said this was very beautiful and she had never thought of it quite in that way.

As the years went by I began to have a great liking for the Church. The Church is all of us in whom the Christ-life is living. We are the Christbearers. We are universal. We are a universal mansion wherein Christ lives. Some of us are His mansion in China, others in Japan, others in America, others in Germany, others in England. As St. Peter says, we are built up as living stones into a spiritual house.

I always liked houses anyway. When I was little I loved to crawl under the tables and desk, even under the grand piano, and make them into houses and caves and dwellings with a roof above my head. So I liked to think of the Church as a dwelling place for Christ, a universal roof under which He lives, hidden in the breast of the Christians. And my heart expanded at the thought of the beautiful hymn for the dedication of a church, wherein one can see stonemasons busily engaged polishing the stones and building the eternal city of God, the new, invisible Jerusalem.

When I had fallen in love with the Church it was only one step to realizing that the blessed Virgin and the Church are the same thing; that she is the type of all Christbearers who are

the Church; that she is the image of the life of the Church; that, in her acceptance of the Christ-life and in her bearing it and in her giving birth to

it, we find the direction for ourselves the Church, who continue her, in many ages and lands, even to this here and now.



### *Cathedral of Old Panama*

A great religious oratorio directed and sung mainly by Protestants in the ruins of a Catholic cathedral which was destroyed by English freebooters 270 years ago. Such was the scene enacted in the Republic of Panama a few months ago. It is of special interest to philatelists because Panama has issued no fewer than 14 stamps picturing the ruins of this, one of the first Christian churches in the western hemisphere, the cathedral of Old Panama. Having been in ruins for over two centuries, little is left. Only part of one of the towers and a little of the wall, overgrown with vegetation, still stand. It is this tower which is pictured on the stamps.

The cathedral was built by a Negro bishop whose father, a freed slave, had made a fortune in charcoal. No expense was spared in its construction. The spires of the twin towers were covered with mother-of-pearl. When the English freebooter, Morgan, captured and plundered the city of Panama in 1671 the cathedral was sacked. Not content with robbery, the Morgan forces burned the church. The city was rebuilt on a new site; the cathedral was never rebuilt.

The cathedral made its first appearance on stamps in 1915. In 1938 there was an issue of five values all using the same design, in commemoration of the 150th anniversary of the U. S. Constitution. The ruined tower is pictured side by side with the statue of Liberty and flanked by the Panamanian and U. S. flags. This same design was used in the same year for five air-mail values.

*Linn's Weekly Stamp News* (8 Nov. '41).

# The World We Desire

By ARCHBISHOP WILLIAMS of Birmingham, England

It sounds easy

Condensed from the *Listener*\*

Until we have won the war, the only people who can confidently say what sort of world we shall have to face are prophets and astrologers; and their success in predicting the course of the war has not been so great as to give us much confidence in their postwar predictions. I suppose we may say that there will be economic exhaustion, political confusion, and physical distress. But for the rest, we are in God's hands, and very good hands they are. So let us leave it at that, and try to see what sort of world we should like to create if we could.

Let us begin with the simplest unit of the world, the individual human being, man or woman, you or me. What should *we* like? We are not important people; no one cares much about our doings. But what would help us most in life would be a general recognition of the dignity of every human personality; a high value set on man as man, not for what he does, but for what he is.

From the individual we pass to the primary unity of society, the family: father, mother and child; a small society but a true one, nature's unit on which the strength of society depends. The family does not arise from merely sexual or parental instinct; these exist among animals. But the family needs discipline and moral effort; it is something higher, something which re-

quires responsibility on the part of the father, chastity and self-sacrifice on the part of the mother, and obedience and discipline on the part of the children. But it is the dynamic force of society, the source of continuity and permanence. And the restoration of true strong family life is a thing which all will agree is necessary. In these days the state often tries to take the place of the family; but such a thing is unnatural. The state can neither take the place of the family nor can it do without it. We should like the state to use all its resources and power to protect and encourage the family.

When we pass from the individual and the family to larger units of society, to the industries and occupations by which we earn our living, I fancy many will agree with me that modern industry is suffering from the loss of a very vital element, namely, the older personal relations between employer and employed. I don't know whether these can be restored. But I feel sure that the horrible impersonality of most industrial concerns, and the control which is in the hands of a few men whose names may not even be known, lead to these industries being organized for the private profit of shareholders and directors rather than for the service of the nation or the good of the workmen.

\*As reprinted in the *Catholic Mind*, 70 E. 45th St., New York City. May 22, 1942.

The finest comradeship I have ever seen was that during the last war among the men who shared the hardships and dangers of the trenches. That sort of comradeship has during this war extended to hundreds of thousands of civilians; we become wonderfully kind to one another when each of us knows that his turn to suffer may come with the next night's bombing. It has taken the common danger of a horrible war to produce this fine fellowship. But can't we manage to keep it after the war, even when the danger has passed? It is the real brotherhood of man, and it ought to exist in all man's activities, especially in industry. There is no reason from the nature of things why only those who provide the capital should control an industry, and not share control with those who provide the labor. I know that sometimes the operatives have no desire to share in the direction of an industry; but I can't help thinking that it would be good for both sides if the employees were made to share in the responsibility of directing industry as is sometimes done. It would be true comradeship. A living wage for the workmen ought to be the first charge of every industry. The directors of every industry should be made to realize that their business is to provide the best possible article at the lowest possible price, instead of making enormous profits because they have a monopoly.

When we pass on to consider the whole community, the nation composed of these large industrial groups, the first thing to be remembered is

that there is nothing abstract or impersonal about the state, though people often write about it as though there were. The state or the government exists for the people, not the people for the state. We do not belong to the state; the state belongs to us and exists for our service and benefit. And this is true whether the ruling power is in the hands of an absolute monarch, or a few select statesmen, or houses of representatives. It is the business of the state to govern the people in the best interests of the people themselves. When rulers see clearly that a certain measure is absolutely necessary for the good of the nation it is their duty to insist on it, even if it means the risk of their losing office. When they deal with other nations weaker than themselves, they should remember that might is not right, and that the nation has the same sort of duties to other nations that one human being has to others; that justice and brotherly love are as necessary between nations as between men.

That brings us to the fundamental difficulty in creating such a society as I am trying to describe. Everything depends on man's recognition of the one truth that God is our Father; and men will not recognize it. The evils of the present world are due to the failure of nations and peoples to obey the laws of God. And God's laws are not arbitrary commands invented to make life more difficult. They are rather like the maker's instructions issued with a new car. If you don't keep water in the radiator or oil in the engine, the machine refuses to work; and if we do not obey

the laws which God our Maker has made for our good, society cannot run peacefully or smoothly.

Selfishness is the enemy too strong in most of us to be overcome by anything short of the horrors of war. It destroys international peace, industrial peace, and family peace. If we could abolish it the world would be peaceful. But what motive is there that is powerful enough to overcome it? The unselfish people are usually those who have a strong sense of their responsibility to God for the way in which they treat their fellow men. They remember that when they are judged, the Son of God will consider everything that they have done to their fellow men as having been done personally to Him: "As long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, you did it to Me." This is a strong motive to overcome selfishness and greed. There will only be real

peace in the world when men acknowledge their duty to God, and only real brotherly love when the principles of the Christian religion are made the foundation of national policy and of all social life.

Men don't always recognize this; they think that they can go on being kind to their fellow men, even though they ignore God. But they are wrong. Men cannot ignore God without going wrong on everything else, because He is man's Maker and His laws are the Maker's instructions for mankind. You may remember the late G. K. Chesterton's advice to those seeking lodgings: "Don't ask the landlady about the price of her rooms. Ask her about her view of the universe, and if her view of the universe is right, the price of her rooms will be right, too." If we are right on our duty to God, everything else in the world will be right, too.



## Waves

Archbishop Goodier, S.J., the late retired Archbishop of Bombay, pointed out some years ago that major persecutions of the Church have occurred with striking regularity about every 400 years. The first (not counting the persecutions of the infant Church) raged through the world, as Augustine lay dying, in the early 5th century. The second was the Mohammedan onslaught upon Europe, in the 8th and 9th centuries; the third arose in connection with the Albigensian heresy, in the 12th century. The fourth great upheaval was the so-called Reformation of the 16th century. The present persecution of the Church in various parts of the world is but the fifth of these "tidal waves against the Bark of Peter."

*The Messenger of the Sacred Heart (June '42).*

# The Song of Bernadette

By FRANZ WERFEL

Condensed from the book\*

"Hidden stars in the shown stars sheen"

On the greatest of all the days in her honor there were many Soubirous, the children, grandchildren, nephews, and nieces of the sister and the two brothers of Bernadette. The day centered, however, not in her blood relations but in the first-born of the miracle, the Bouhouhorts child. The latter, more precisely Justin Marie Adolar Duconte Bouhouhorts, was now 77 years old, a little old man with merry eyes and a shrewd mouth under a moustache that was still dark. Despite his years he was still very active as a florist in Pau. He had been given a second-class ticket to Rome and assured of free board and lodging there, too. For the first-born of the miracle of Lourdes was to share the joy of that great day of celebration on which Pius XI was to enroll little Bernadette Soubirous in the calendar of saints.

Of the Bouhouhorts child the tale was told that 75 years ago the new saint had often carried him in her arms when the neighboring families went calling on each other. This the florist of Pau could in no wise remember. In the course of time, however, frequent questionings and others' stories had heated his imagination and helped out his memory. The old man was fond of depicting in elaborate detail the appearance, voice, character, demeanor of her to whom he owed his miracu-

lous recovery and all the modest blessings of his life.

"When I was a child I was paralyzed and had convulsions, as you have probably read," he would say. "Bernadette and her mother used to carry me up and down and shake me till I came to myself. And I kept on seeing her until she said good-by and went to the convent in Nevers. I was about seven or eight years old then. The Soubirous were our best friends; I know that from my parents. And so here, 70 years later, I am the only human being alive who was really personally close to our sweet intercessor of Lourdes when she was herself little more than a child.

Fifty-thousand strangers had come to Rome to witness the canonization of Bernadette. They represented 40 different nations. The most numerous group, both clerical and lay, was that of 15,000 Frenchmen, the core being representatives from the countryside of Bigorre. No wonder that immense attention was paid to the only human being who had seen Bernadette with his own eyes during those great February days, and the first through whom the spring of grace had revealed its instantaneous and unanswerable power. The old gardener of Pau was surrounded by crowds and confused by the many hundreds who wanted to shake him by the hand. He was pre-

\*1942. *The Viking Press, New York City. 575 pp. \$3.*



sented to illustrious laymen and clerics. Monsieur Charles Roux, the ambassador of France, conversed with him repeatedly and saw that a good seat on the rostrum of honor was reserved for him. And so the Bouhouhorts child came to sit in the midst of dignitaries in St. Peter's in Rome and blinked shyly in the vast circular space.

It was a Holy Year, the 33rd of this century. It was Dec. 8, the Immaculate Conception. It was nine o'clock in the morning. Next to the Bouhouhorts child was seated a friendly and well-informed gentleman, a fellow Frenchman, who lived in Rome and was more than generous in his explanations.

"Only on the occasion of canonizations are the gigantic windows here hung with red damask, as well as the small windows of the cupola, in order that no daylight enter. It is an impression never otherwise experienced. Though I'm half a Roman I have witnessed but a single previous canonization. Remark that, aside from the searchlights, there are 600 chandeliers with 12,000 bulbs, each at least a 100-candlepower bulb. Accordingly the illumination is that of 1,200,000 candles."

Triumphantly the statistician regarded Bouhouhorts, who nodded his agreement. But the friendly gentleman had not by any means finished his calculations. "The surging masses fairly scare you. San Pietro holds 80,000. I'm convinced there are 10,000 more than that today. And still the middle aisle has to be kept clear for the entrance of His Holiness. He'll be followed by the en-

tire College of Cardinals. A magnificent spectacle, eh, Monsieur?"

"Magnificent," Bouhouhorts echoes.

"And what must be your own feelings, my dear sir! When you were a child you were closely allied to the Soubirous. You yourself witnessed their poverty and misery. Oh, you probably remember it all, for the impressions of childhood are not easily lost. . . ."

"It was a pretty rotten life," the old man sighed with frankness.

By this time the silver trumpets had sounded. Already the *sedia* of the Pope had been carried up the aisle in the midst of the Swiss Guards, the Guards of the Nobility, the *Maestri di Camera*, the scarlet-robed *sedari*, the consistorial advocates in black velvet, the prelates of the *Segnatura*, the penitentiaries with their long-wreathed staffs. The friendly French neighbor had pointed out and explained everything to the old gardener of Pau, who sought with blinking eyes to distinguish and appreciate the sights.

The throne of the Pope was erected in the apse under the *Gloria* of Bernini. Sixteen cardinals sat on either side of him and at his feet the prelates of his court. The Bouhouhorts child not only heard all the names but was told the meaning of the sublime ceremonies which now began. A figure in black approached the throne of His Holiness, knelt down, and repeated some Latin words. This was the consistorial advocate who had last conducted the case for the canonization of his client, Bernadette Soubirous. This case had been pending at court

for decades, involving thoroughgoing discussions of *pro* and *contra* and subjected, above all, to the implacable intervention of time, that acid which separates the authentic from its contrary.

Among the assembled advocates of the consistory he too was present who in the conduct of the case had represented, as it were, the opposing litigant, the part of doubters, wherefore he was called by his vulgar title *advocatus diaboli* (the devil's advocate). Even in death she invalidated, with all her old tranquil pertinacity, every objection. For her corpse was from the beginning a very strange phenomenon. When, four days after her death, they carried her to the chapel of St. Joseph, her body despite the long destructiveness of disease showed not the slightest trace of corruption. At the roots of her fingernails the astonished witnesses saw the dainty pink of child-like life. Thirty-nine years later the court of canonization appointed a commission in Nevers which exhumed and examined the body. Several physicians, including the municipal physician, were present. Bernadette's girlish body showed no sign of corruption. It was almost unchanged. Face, hands, and arms were white and their flesh soft. The mouth was a little open, as though breathing, so that the shimmer of the teeth was visible. The lids over the slightly sunken eyes were closed. The expression of dreamy remoteness still dwelt upon the features of the seeress. The body itself was rigid and so firm that the ladies of Nevers, who wit-

nessed the official exhumation, were able to lift it, like that of one just dead, and deposit it in a new coffin. The protocol concerning these facts made a great noise in the world. Voices arose in the press which declared this story of the uncorrupted body to be a fraud of the grossest sort. Of course, they said, the body had been skilfully embalmed soon after death and now an ordinary mummy was being shown off as a body miraculously preserved by special grace. The *advocatus diaboli* whose duty it was to oppose canonization, adopted this argument and succeeded, seven years later, in having another commission appointed which once more opened the grave and subjected the unchanged body to a new examination. No evidence was found to support the suspicion. This was in 1925. The devil's advocate dropped all objections. Beatification followed.

And now, after the passage of eight more years, down there at the end of the apse, under the *Gloria* of Bernini, the advocate of Bernadette who had conducted her case victoriously through all its phases humbly besought the Pontifex Maximus to enroll the name of the girl of Lourdes in the calendar of saints. The Pope did not answer in person, but by the mouth of his interlocutor, Monsignore Bacci, who was seated on a stool at the foot of the throne, his profile turned to Pius. The Holy Father, Bacci declared, had no more ardent wish than that this canonization be accomplished. Before the solemn enrollment could take place, however, it was necessary once more to invoke

the divine light. Upon their knees the whole assembly sang the litany of the saints. Then the Pope gave the signal for the singing of the *Veni, Creator Spiritus*, which, taken up by the voices of the priests and the boys of the choir of the Sistine chapel, flooded the imposing edifice. Thereupon Bernadette's advocate repeated his prayer to the Pope. Monsignore Bacci arose, knelt before His Holiness, stretched out his arms, and said, "Arise, Peter in person, living in thy successor, and speak!" Then, turning to the immense assemblage, he cried resonantly, "And do ye listen in reverence to Peter's infallible pronouncement!"

A microphone had been placed in front of the Pope. Amplified by loud-speakers, the voice of the 11th Pius penetrated to every corner of the basilica of St. Peter.

"We declare and render decision that the Blessed Marie Bernadette Soubirous is a saint. We enroll her name in the calendar of saints. We decree that her memory be annually celebrated on the 16th of April, the day of her heavenly birth."

This was the formula. Scarcely had it been spoken when the thousands of voices were raised in the *Te Deum* to the accompaniment of pealing silver trumpets and the deep thunder of St. Peter's chimes. The bells of 300 Roman churches and of innumerable other churches all over the world chimed in to proclaim the eternal glory of little Bernadette Soubirous of the Rue des Petites Fossées. It was now 11 o'clock. The Pope began the celebration of sol-

emn Mass. After the Gospel he delivered a sermon. And again his strong, warm, manly voice resounded through the loud-speakers. The saints, said Pope Pius, were to be compared to the telescopes of astronomers. Instruments permit us to see stars which the naked eye could never discover. Through saints we learn to see those eternal truths which the world's common day veils from our feeble eyes. He lauded Bernadette's purity, simplicity, and the fearless fight she had fought for the genuineness of her visions against a whole world of doubters, mockers, haters. Not only in the beneficent miracles of Lourdes but in the whole life of the new saint there was contained a message of inexhaustible wealth. Pius now spoke of the confusion of demonic voices which had accompanied the visions of Bernadette. This tumult had increased immeasurably since her time. It was filling the world and a considerable portion of mankind was under demonic sway. The fever of maniacal false doctrines was now threatening to plunge the human spirit into bloody madness. In the battle against this, which man must win, not only did Lourdes stand like a very rock, but the life of Bernadette Soubirous retained its prophetic activity within time.

When the canonization had ended, the square was flooded with people. Bouhouhorts had lost touch with those he knew. He let himself be carried along by the crowd to a side street. The sun shone in a cloudless sky. The old man was not only exhausted but hungry and thirsty. Suddenly he sat down

in one of the little inns which still kept their tables on the sidewalk in this fair weather. He ate a great dish of noodles and drank the violet wine of the Campagna. He felt very comfortable after this meal. Gaily he watched the endless stream of traffic flooding past him in the street.

"Look," he said to himself. "The gentleman next to me was quite right. What a career it is, to be sure! And Bernadette Soubirous carried me in her arms. And I was part of it all in those days. And don't I remember how it looked in that wretched Cachot? And now Bernadette is a great person in heaven itself and the Pope and cardinals invoke her. And come to think of it, since I sort of belonged to it all in the Cachot, why, I might soon belong to it all in heaven too, provided I don't manage to slide into a couple of juicy sins at the last moment. . . ."

The old man blinked up at the great clear sky of Rome. He was convinced that localized in that patch of sky above him all the saints of the Church dwelt close together on their thrones. And maybe Bernadette was now looking down on him sitting in the pleas-

ant sunshine, all alone in this gay street, and hale and hearty at 77. And so he felt a real need to place himself in contact with Bernadette Soubirous. He did what he had always done. His fingers felt for the rosary in his pocket. The gardener of Pau turned his soul not to the rosary of sorrows nor to that of joy but to that of glory which is to lift the thoughts of man to victory, glory, and the ascension into heaven. His lips whispered one *Ave* after another while he sought to master his great weariness. His smiling small eyes still watched the lively traffic in the street. Motorcars flitted by. The ice-cream man rang his bell to attract street boys and servant girls to buy his wares. From near-by alleys sounded the cries of the venders of oranges, fennel, and onions. Under the heaven of Rome, where the saints were gathered to welcome their new comrade, flew a military plane.

After the fortieth *Ave* the smiling old eyes began to grow heavier and heavier and precisely during the fiftieth the Bouhouhorts child fell asleep. But the great gladness was in his heart the while he slept.

When the war spirit first hit Washington a rule was established in the War Department that every employee had to wear a badge bearing his name and photograph in miniature, like a passport photo. One clerk decided to become a bit of an experimenter, so he removed his own photograph from the badge and substituted another which he had clipped from a magazine. For three whole weeks, it served to pass the outer and inner guards. Then a deskmate happened to notice that the face on the badge was that of Adolf Hitler.

*From Washington Is Like That by W. M. Kiplinger (Harper, 1942).*

# The Baby in an Air Raid

By IRMIS JOHNSON

And don't forget the dummies

Condensed from the *American Weekly*\*

**No mother** can be blamed if her heart skips a beat at the thought of enemy air attacks. But any mother should be severely criticized if the sirens ever warn that death-dealing bombers are in our skies and she runs screaming into the street, clutching her half-clad offspring to her breast; pushing and jostling everyone who gets in her way as she tries to reach a safe spot. Panic is the one thing that must be avoided.

What to do with helpless babies is an especially important question to which every mother and father should know the answer. It is to help parents make the right decisions about this problem that the American Committee on Maternal Welfare has just issued, from its Chicago headquarters, some simple and explicit instructions for the safety of baby and mother in wartime.

"However frightened you may be, keep outwardly calm," they warn, "so that your child's confidence in your own protectiveness may not be shaken."

The instructions of the Committee on Maternal Welfare deal with three main situations which the mother might have to face. These are the need to go to an outside shelter, to seek safety in her own home, or how to get the best protection if caught out of doors in a raid.

If she lives in a locality where safety from air raids depends on a shelter outside the home, the mother should take her children and necessary supplies to this refuge at the first sound of the warning siren.

"See that the baby is warmly dressed—according to the season and the temperature to be expected in the shelter. Take a basket or pillow for the baby to lie on, also a first-aid outfit."

If gas masks or helmets have been issued, the mother should take her own and the baby's with her. She should accustom the baby to this wartime equipment gradually by placing him in it 15 minutes a day and making a game of the procedure.

Since air raids usually aren't over in a few minutes it may be necessary to remain in the shelter for several hours. The baby should have a familiar toy that will amuse him during his stay. He also should have his bottle of milk, a bottle of water and a supply of diapers.

Baby's ears should be protected from injury due to concussion by putting cotton in them. Be sure to use plenty of cotton in order that the ear plugs may be easily removed when the danger is over.

In localities where there are no shelters, the safest, most nearly bombproof spot in the home should be selected as

\*235 E. 45th St., New York City. May 17, 1942.



a refuge. Any parents who have not decided on such a safe spot in the home should do so immediately. There will be no time for hasty last-minute decisions when bombs begin to burst.

According to instructions from the Office of Civilian Defense, any windows in this room should be left partly open. The glass can be reinforced against shattering by sticking cheesecloth to the inside of the window with flour paste to which a little borax has been added to prevent mildew.

For safety stay away from walls and out of line of windows during a raid. Unless the room you have chosen as a refuge is especially well adapted, with adequate protection against flying shell fragments and other debris, place the baby in a basket, or on a thick blanket, underneath a table or a bed which is further protected by having a mattress or heavy quilt hanging over the edge.

Sitting or lying on the floor is safer than standing up, unless the room is an inside corridor or similarly protected space.

In his improvised shelter under the table the baby will need the same supplies he would in an outside shelter and the mother should stay near him. If mother and baby are caught outside the home when the siren warning sounds, she should go immediately to the nearest safe building for shelter. Here again a word of caution is in order. Do not go to a police station or a hospital. You will not be admitted. Schools, too, should be avoided if possible, for they usually can accommo-

date only the children in attendance.

In large cities like New York keep away from the subway stations. Few of these are deep enough to be safe from demolition bombs and the deepest ones may be flooded if a water main breaks.

If there is no near-by building which will afford the mother and her baby safety she should select a ditch or low wall, if one is available, place the baby on the ground in the ditch or near the wall on a heavy coat or a pillow from the baby carriage and lie face down, beside the child. The mother's body will furnish added protection for the little one.

Keeping your child physically unharmed during a raid is only one part of your job.

Babies and little children can suffer severe emotional upsets from the loud noises, excitement and confusion of such a situation. That is where keeping calm is most important.

If a child feels that the adults responsible for him have the situation well in hand he has confidence instead of fear. You can help him accept the noise of an air raid in the same way that you help him get used to thunderstorms.

If there are blackouts or air-raid drills these should be called by their right names, not referred to as a "kind of fire drill." Children get wise when grownups "talk around" a subject. That makes it mysterious. And mysteries are much more upsetting to little minds than are realities even though they may be grim.



It is particularly important in these times that all children lead as normal and happy a life as possible. It should be active, and if your young sons—or little girls—indulge in playing war, don't try to stop them. Boys always have played Cops and Robbers and similar games.

If a child shows fear either in anticipation of a raid or at the noises of an actual attack, he should not be teased

or ridiculed. Teach your children that they are not cowards if they are afraid.

"It is wise to be honest with your children," say experts of the Children's Bureau in Washington. "Command their respect by talking to a certain extent and quite normally about the danger of air raids and fires and the possibility of separations in the family when such dangers and possibilities actually exist."



### Gas Rationing?

We have a term of which we are very fond and of which we are daily becoming fonder: *war effort*, which can mean anything or everything or nothing. The butcher, the baker, the candlestickmaker are all engaged in the war effort with the soldier, the sailor, the airman and all. "*This is everybody's war*," shouts the poster. Ergo, no matter what you may be doing at the moment, if by some stretch of the imagination it can be called *war effort*, then it is all right and you are doing a Good Thing.

And so it comes to pass that certain of our fellow countrymen spend their time holding forth at great length on what ought to be done in the army, the navy, the air force, industry, the Church, indeed, in any walk of life other than that into which it has pleased God to call them. Talking at any great length, even if one is enthralled at the sound of one's own voice, becomes, sooner or later, an effort, and any kind of holding forth about the war is therefore war effort. Not a few of our fellow citizens make their living, and not exactly a meager one, doing precisely this. Actual value of work done: nil. Time and energy waste: incalculable.

Were their talk just useless blathering, harming no one and wasting only their own time, it were already bad enough, but this is not the case. Many of these mighty-mouthed masters of ineptitude spread their blatherings in newspapers and over the radio. All this is war effort and is therefore, with all due stretching of the imagination, a Good Thing.

"Gladiator" in the *Weekly Review* (7 May '42).

# All These Things

By JOSEPH J. MUENSTER, JR.

And heaven, too

Condensed from the *Fleur de Lis*\*

**I am an** American young man. I am 19 years old, a freshman in college, and I hold a part-time position in a hospital. I like to go to school and I like to work. I like to play, too, to have what they call a good time. Americanism to me is a vague word, conveying no picture. It is like "nevertheless" and "democracy" and "due to the fact that."

However, it is a word that I hear quite often. Kate Smith uses it in almost every song. People are buying defense bonds to protect it. The Pacific flows red with the blood of men fighting for it. People are working seven days a week providing for its defense. But what is it?

It is Sunday afternoon and I am in my room at a typewriter doing my homework. The man next door is pruning his rosebushes. The girl across the street has a date with a marine. I went to church this morning. I go to the Catholic church down the street. The girl across the street sang a solo at her church, the Episcopalian church up the street. The man next door didn't go to church.

In the newspaper this morning I found that they are still fighting in the Philippines and that Dagwood had a nightmare. The chicken-pickers' party won the election at Laclede, Mo., and they intend to close the taverns and pool halls.

I have my radio on now listening to the Philharmonic concert. They are playing an all Tschaikowsky program. And sometimes I have to stop typing to catch some particular phrase.

This is Americanism. I am Americanism. The man next door and the girl across the street is Americanism. My life and the life of all the people around me is a typical example of Americanism.

The streetcar is crowded with people. The conductor is shouting at them to move to the rear but nobody budes. People are stepping on toes. The movie houses are full of Americans watching intently the shadows move across the screen, and during the intermission they listlessly sing *The Star-Spangled Banner*.

Tomorrow I will go to school. I will board the bus near the end of the line and therefore I will get a seat. By the time that I get to my transfer point at the beginning of the Grand Line the bus will be filled with people. They will be going to work. The man in a double-breasted, conservative, brown, rather worn suit is going to his office to pore over his ledger. The girl in the rather attractive pillbox hat will take dictation this morning and transcribe her letters this afternoon. The boy in the overalls is a carpenter's helper and he will spend the day holding the other

\**St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo. May, 1942.*

ends of planks as the carpenter saws.

This is America going to work.

At school I will translate a few lines of Vergil. Perhaps I will hash over an essay, that someone wrote, during English class. At gym I will swim. After lunch I will go to work. I will type a few statements and letters. I will enter a patient into the surgical ward.

The man next door will sit in an almost empty showroom tomorrow. He will think about the many beautiful cars that used to fill that room and how easy it was to sell them.

The girl across the street will work on the block in the main floor, center aisle, at Famous-Barr. She will run her hands through 300 pairs of hosiery and she will sell them, too. Silk hose are at a premium now, and women will pay anything to have them.

Out of the city, in the country, men and women also have their part in Americanism. They wake the earth each spring. They lay under the old and bring the new to the surface. They groom the earth, they feed it, and they dress it with corn and cotton, wheat and rye, apples and potatoes. They populate the countryside with cows and pigs and sheep and horses. Then after the earth has been on exhibition for a few months they unclothe it and put it to bed again.

Tomorrow evening the same people will board the busses and streetcars

that did so this morning and Saturday morning and Saturday evening. They will be tired. Lines will be drawn under their eyes. They will go home to supper, wash their faces, powder their noses, or shave, and by 7:30 be out and on the run again. The movies will be filled as they were last night and the barracks will again be empty. The restaurants will serve the same menu they served last night after the theater.

This has been going on for years and years. In fact, it has been going on for over 150 years. Maybe there wasn't a juke box in 1776, nor did they plow with tractors, but there was the equivalent of these things.

This, truly, is Americanism. The everyday life of the people who ride the busses and the streetcars, the people who ride the Fords and Packards. Those who ride tractors and mules and those who walk. Americanism is the plan of living where there is no plan. Something new happens every day, and yet because it happens every day it is the same old thing. Americanism is my life and the way I choose to live it. It is the cynic and the enthusiast, the patriot and the slacker. It is the man who wears a collar and tie and the man who wears his collar backwards with no tie. It is the woman who wears an impudent flower-decked hat and the woman who wears a long black veil. It is . . . *all* these things.

People who claim that they can worship God in the great outdoors as well as in man-made churches are people who usually sleep until noon on Sundays and spend the rest of the day reading the morning papers.

Theodore Roosevelt quoted in the *Light of the East* (April '42).

# A Russian Mass

By JOHN QUILTY

Condensed from the *Grail*\*

**Along** with many other Americans I have always been prejudiced against Russians. All Russians were as belligerent communists as Stalin himself! But one day Father Thomas asked me to attend a Russian Mass with him.

So I found myself outside the door of Chicago's Holy Name cathedral, waiting for him and watching the crowd, four and five deep, plowing their way through the great doors. They were in gay American dresses and suits. But most of them were black-haired; had square, peasant-built bodies inside their American clothes; their faces were stamped with the definite Slavic features.

Carried along with the throng, I found myself inside the cathedral. While I stared at the stout little people I was thinking how lenient it was of holy Mother Church to allow them to keep their queer forms of prayer and ancient way of celebrating Mass.

Father Thomas had warned me a little beforehand about the way the Russians offer Mass. They don't even say Mass in Latin; but in a language called Old Slavonic and the Mass today would be the same as the Greek-Orthodox rite used. I thought that was going too far.

I didn't really believe these Russian priests could be good Roman Catholic clergymen. They got married, the

Russian priests! But Father Thomas said that hasn't been permitted in the U. S. for 20 years.

I pushed my way out onto the cathedral steps again, stared at the crowding Russians morosely, and tried to think of more reasons why I disliked them.

But deeper than any thought was my sense of discomfort as I stared at the hurrying little people. I had a feeling almost of panic. The trouble was that I have thrilled to the Roman liturgy ever since Father Peter pushed my nose into a missal four years ago in high school.

I guessed I'd go home. I was half way to the streetcar stop when Father Thomas caught me. His hand took a wrestler's grip on my elbow.

"Here! John! Couldn't you get a seat? That's a shame. Come on. We'll sit in the sacristy."

The dynamic old priest rushed me up the cathedral steps. Father Thomas always had been the bossiest, can't-say-no-to-old priest in the academy.

"Wouldn't miss this for anything! You've always loved church services done to an exact perfection. . . ." A pulse of excitement in Father Thomas' sandpaper voice made me goggle-eyed with surprise. I'd never before seen him so excited.

He said, "Litúrgists consider this the

\**St. Meinrad, Ind. June, 1942.*

most beautiful of all the forms and prayers in the Church! I've never seen it myself, but I've heard about the great splendor of this form of the holy Sacrifice."

The sacristy was crowded to the doors with vested clergy. Half of them were in vestments the like of which I had never beheld.

Father Thomas was digging in his pocket like a lean old stork, "Brought you a missal, Old Slavonic, English on the opposite side of the page!" Father Thomas wormed the little book from his pocket. "Not many Latin Catholics have ever seen what you're going to see: the Mass and ordination of Russian priests."

His long, bony finger tapped the book, "I like this quotation from the Pope's recent encyclical, especially. Almost poetry."

Father Thomas' voice was soft and warm as he read, "To study the Eastern rites will profit Western clergy and laity who will thus be excited to a yet warmer love for the true Bride of Christ whose bewitching beauty in the diversity of her various rites they will be enabled to see more clearly and impressively."

"That's what the Pope says, about this Eastern or Oriental liturgy." Father Thomas gave me a searching look. "There are half a dozen other liturgies or ways of celebrating Mass besides the Latin form. You know that, don't you? Armenian, Coptic, Ethiopian, oh, several more."

I'd never heard such a scandalous thing in my life. I muttered stubborn-

ly, "But why—why? Why Slavonic like today? Why doesn't holy Mother Church make them all say Mass in our Latin way?"

Father Thomas stared at me. "Why should she? Anything particularly holy about Latin?"

I was sizzling with questions. My mind angrily rejected this topsy-turn-over, as I asked, "I thought all Russians hated the Catholic Church. Since when have these Russians been part of the holy Roman Catholic Church? How many are there in the U.S.?"

"How the dickens should I know? Always statistics!" Father Thomas beckoned a young man. He muttered excitedly, "Michal is going to be made a Russian priest today. He is a Benedictine monk." The young man came forward. The sunken thinness of Michal's cheeks made me stare. Then his hand warmly grasped mine. His soft gold vestment was as long and wide as a Gothic chasuble; a foot-wide golden stole crossed over his shoulder and hung to the floor. I realized hazily, this was the robe of the Russian diaconate.

Michal smiled, and in a soft voice remarked, "Five hundred years ago a large group of Russians in the Ukraine under their bishop's leadership united themselves to Rome."

"How many in the U.S.?" Father Thomas queried.

"About 500,000." Suddenly a steely look came over Michal's face. "Five hundred thousand souls to tend, with only two shepherds, Bishop Bohachevsky, and Bishop Takach. And there are only 252 priests, to fill the hundreds



of parishes. Each Russian pastor cares for three or four scattered parishes. The two dioceses cover 20 states where there are Russian Roman Catholics. The majority are in Pennsylvania, New York, and Ohio."

Just then the stately figure of a heavily-built man strode through the sacristy door in a swirl of red vestments. I eyed him. The Russian bishop, perhaps. Michal smiled, edged me over toward him, "His Grace, Bishop Takach. His energy and competency are accomplishing the impossible, but he pushes himself to a killing pace."

Father Thomas gave me a push and I found myself unwillingly accosting the bishop. In a moment my hand was lost in the crushing grip of the aged Bishop Takach. The heavy tones of his voice fastened down words as a carpenter drives nails into a board. "The situation is bad. We are terribly in need of priests, but my people in the majority are only first and second-generation. They are barely able to obtain food enough to live. You know the mining towns of Pennsylvania? Then you know what they have been suffering in the last ten years—heads of families getting only one day's work a week in the mines. Impossible for them to support seminaries." Suddenly the bishop's voice softened and a few of the lines on his forehead smoothed out.

"Pope Pius XI stepped in to apply a sorely needed remedy. Five years ago he appointed the Benedictine monastery, St. Procopius, outside of Chicago, the seminary for the Russian Catholic

priesthood in the U. S. So my zealous young Russians who are anxious to save their people to God, come out of the mines of Pennsylvania. And I send them on to the Benedictine monks for their training." The bishop was smiling proudly at Michal and another young man whom Father Thomas introduced as Nicholas, the other ordinand. This young man was as dark haired as Michal was light.

I said in a dazed voice, "But, Your Grace, I understood these two young men were Benedictine monks."

"They are Benedictine monks. But they are my young men, too." His eyes rested on them in proud affection. "When I ordain them today they will be the first Benedictine monks in the U. S. who are also Russian priests."

"They are planning to start a Russian Benedictine monastery when their numbers are augmented. They are another point of attack in the battle to save our people. My monks will be able to work where the people are so poor that they cannot support a pastor. My monks will facilitate the change to an unmarried clergy; they will travel in mission bands to the different parishes; they will foster vocations among our young men. Although," the bishop's smile was proud, yet infinitely sad, "today we have more vocations, more young men of intellectual strength and ardor, than we can find means to educate."

A little old man in scarlet vestments, with two tall black-robed monks on either side of him came through the cloister door into the sacristy.



Bishop Takach laid his hand gently on the thin old arm. "This is the abbot of St. Procopius. It is he and his monks who have opened their monastery to our boys."

The little abbot beamed at the bishop. "The young men are very zealous, Your Grace, and they are a delight to teach. We have 58 of your young men at St. Procopius now. And many more applicants than we can accept."

From where Father Thomas and I knelt in the sacristy door looking over the thronged cathedral, a feeling of deep and mystical tension vibrated in the air. As the Russian clergy passed into the sanctuary they made a deep bow from the waist, each one touching his forehead with the end of his stole. Their genuflection was an oriental salaam to the Hidden Majesty of the Lord Most High upon the altar, rather than the bending of the knee in our traditional way.

On the left side of the sanctuary sat the little abbot of St. Procopius surrounded by his monks, the Latin and the Russian clergy. The bishop's throne was on the right side of the sanctuary.

Though I still didn't approve of not saying the Latin Mass, I couldn't help feeling the thrill in the air; there was a hushed expectancy rolling in waves toward me.

The bishop, assisted by ten priests, was ascending the altar steps.

Father Thomas murmured under his breath, "You're going to get a surprise—in a minute!"

The organ rose. Then softened to golden chords.

Suddenly the choir rang forth. I felt my head jerk as if it had been yanked round. Such a burst of soaring song! The vibrant tones, the resonant throb of their voices—unless you've heard the famous Russian choruses you can grasp but faintly the deep beauty of the Russian music of the Mass. The rushing music echoing through the arches and pillars surged to the altar with the fiery strength of flames! The choir was singing what the bishop was saying silently at the altar. The philosophical depth of the prayer with its majestic chant left me breathless.

"O, Lord our God, whose might is beyond compare, whose glory is beyond all grasp, whose mercy is beyond all measure, and whose love for men beyond all telling, do Thou, O Lord, look down upon this holy house; and show to us, and to those who pray with us, the riches of Thy mercies and compassions."

And a little further in the liturgy came this prayer:

"O only-begotten Son and Word of God, who being immortal didst vouchsafe to take flesh for our salvation of the holy Mother of God, and ever-virgin Mary; Thou who without change didst become man and wast crucified, O Christ our God, by death trampling upon death; Thou who wast Thyself one of the Holy Trinity, who art glorified with the Father and the Holy Spirit, save us."

All the clergy walked to a side altar. The bishop incensed the chalice of wine, and the loaf cut into several pieces. In solemn liturgical procession

the body of clergy carried the offerings to the main altar.

This was (my little missal said) the Grand Entrance, and the liturgical procession should come through the great icon doors—but, of course, in a Latin-rite cathedral there were no ceiling-high, icon-emblazoned golden doors at the communion rail.

Bishop Takach turned to the people, holding the chalice and paten in his hands. He lifted high the bread and wine as an offering to God, symbolizing our dependence on Him for life and food. Never before had I realized so vividly that I was taking part in the giving of a gift at this the Offertory of the Mass.

The choir sang,  
Holy God,  
Holy Strong One,  
Holy and immortal,  
Have mercy on us.

The bishop sat down, mitered, with crozier in hand. The officiating priests drew towards the altar steps. Now the young monks were to be ordained. They were standing one at the north and one at the south sacristy door, motionless as sentries.

They came forward and knelt at the bishop's feet. At a signal, the first young ordinand, Michal, rose to his feet. He slowly climbed the altar steps and bowed his head before the door of the tabernacle. The bishop covered Michal's head with the end of his stole. Then folding his hands over the young head he read the prayers of consecration:

"... and grant unto him the mighty

grace of Thy Holy Spirit, and make him wholly Thy servant, worthily exercising the great honors of the priesthood which Thou has conferred upon him by Thy prescient power."

The bishop lifted his hands. Immediately all the assisting clergy, as with one voice, startlingly vibrant, chanted, "*Axios!*" "*Axios!*" (Worthy! Worthy!)

The Greek word of the Russian rite surged like a seal. Nine times the clergy hailed the priest, intoning, "*Axios!*" "*Axios!*" I stared, my feelings shattered. The entire cathedral was echoing and re-echoing with the cry.

The power and astonishing beauty of that soaring tribute, tongued by stalwart, male voices after each ordination, was the embodiment of that electrifying moment—recognition of the new-made men of God.

The ordination of Nicholas then followed, with the same grandeur and dignity. The master of ceremonies helped the new priests vest in chasubles.

They were now to concelebrate Mass with the bishop. I watched them ascend the altar steps with the bishop, in this first exercise of their new powers.

As the Mass flowed on with increasing beauty I noticed in the missal a phrase that recurred again and again in the prayers. One form of it was "for Thou art a gracious God and Lover of men," another "Gracious Lover of men," again "O, Master and Lover of men," still "Pitier of men," and "Lover of men." Over and over again, the warm affection of this title for Christ, "Lover of men," made my

heart glow as if lighted by a burning brand.

The moment that excited me most "to warmer love for the true Bride of Christ" was the Elevation after the Consecration. Through this Russian ritual I understood more clearly than I ever had before the Sacrifice I was offering. One young priest holding the paten, the other the chalice, they crossed their hands so paten and chalice touched, symbolizing the unity of the sacrificial Victim. Slowly they elevated the Sacred Species while the clergy and congregation bowed low, "We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we give Thee thanks, O Lord, and we pray to Thee, our God."

Through my mind raced the Pope's words, "To study the Eastern rites will profit Western clergy and laity who will thus be excited to a yet warmer love for the true Bride of Christ whose bewitching beauty they will be enabled to see more clearly and impressively."

At Communion, the bishop placed in the hand of each priest a small section of the sacred Loaf. Protectingly they folded their hands over It. Then they stood in a semicircle at the foot of the altar. In brotherly union, with head bowed low, they reverently consumed the Gift. The bishop stepped aside. One at a time the priests came slowly up the altar steps, elevated the chalice in adoration, prayed over it, then drank from it.

These young monks were the hope of the Russian Catholics in the U. S. Father Thomas whispered, "As the

bishop said, they are the first Russian priests in the U. S. who are Benedictine monks. Traditionally monks have always had great influence among the Russian people. And it is most important that the Russian Catholics of the U. S. should be saved. It is only through these Russian Uniate Catholics that there can be any hope of bringing the Jugoslavs, Rumanians and Russians of the country into the Church."

I looked at Father Thomas blankly, "Why?"

Father Thomas smiled at me gently, "All these peoples, millions of them, are Orthodox, of course. But they all use this same beautiful Russian liturgy. The Orthodox love it passionately, as they should love the prayers of their ancestors, the outpourings of saints. The great Doctor, St. John Chrysostom, coordinated their liturgy!" Father Thomas shook his head sadly, "They would never consider returning to Mother Church if faced with the Latin rite."

I lifted my eyes. Bishop Takach, mitred, was kneeling on the top step, the rest of the clergy on the other steps, their golden cape-like chasubles flowing downward from their shoulders. Sunlight of spring noon poured between the pillars of the sanctuary as the Russian priests prayed with their bishop:

"The all-holy, immaculate, most worshipful and glorious, the Mother of God and ever-virgin Mary—most sinless Mother of our God, honored above the cherubim, infinitely more glorious than the seraphim, who didst

bear God the Word without stain. Mother of God, in truth, we magnify."

As I listened to the fervent prayers to the Mother of God, a golden door opened to a vision in my heart. These prayers to the blessed Virgin had been said for 1,400 years by the Russians on the other side of the world, while my ancestors in Ireland were offering to the Virgin the same reverence and love

down the ages since St. Patrick's time.

As the Holy Sacrifice according to the Byzantine-Slavonic rite drew to a close, the Russian bishop, priests, choir and congregation were pouring out their hearts:

"Glory to Thee, O Christ-God, the apostle's boast, the martyr's joy, whose preaching was the consubstantial Trinity."



## Lost

What about the man-hours lost through strikes since we entered the war? One of the highly publicized charges is that during February, 2 million man-hours of labor were lost through strikes. During that period there were 7,500,000 persons employed in war industries. If each of these took one-half hour off for lunch each day, then not for the month but for each day, there would be 3,750,000 man-hours lost in production. If each employee spent as much as ten minutes each day going to the drinking fountain or otherwise accommodating his personal needs, then in such activities there would have been lost to war effort in every period of six days 7,500,000 man-hours. If each employee took time out for as much as one minute to blow his nose, then in the period of 30 days we would lose from war effort over 3 million man-hours. If there were 2 million man-hours lost through strikes then less than two one-hundredths of 1% of the total man-hours were so lost.

I think I know that nine-tenths of this agitation about the 40-hour week is directed first and foremost not against interferences with the war effort, but against the wage-and-hour law. There are men in certain sections of this country who hate that law with an unquenchable hatred. They fought its enactment, challenged its constitutionality, and have never relented in their violent and virulent opposition.

Charles M. Hay quoted in *Our Lady of Perpetual Help* (June '42).

# Poplars to Paper

By DEV. STORM

Condensed from the *Patron*\*

Two men hurry across the fields. They reach a huge patch of second-growth timber that contains red oak, white oak, beech, red elm, red maple, tulip poplar, aspen, willow, and many other trees.

The men stop beside a tall, straight poplar with its smooth, dark-gray bark. "We might as well start on this one," one of the men says. "We've got a big day ahead of us. The mill will take all the wood we can cut."

The other man nods in silence. He tightens the handles on the ribbon crosscut saw while the first man picks up the ax and cuts a notch in the other side of the tree. White chips begin to fly. After a dozen healthy licks the notch is completed. The tree will fall in that direction without splitting.

Each man picks up his end of the saw. The long cutting teeth bury themselves in the poplar and the V-shaped raker teeth pull out the kerf in small ribbons. The men swing their bodies back and forth with the easy precision that comes from long experience. The saw cuts deeper until there is little more than an inch of wood holding the tree erect. The poplar sways slightly. The cutters execute a few rapid strokes with the saw, then step aside.

"Timber!" one of them shouts.

The poplar starts to fall slowly, then gathers momentum. The top branches

brush against those of the surrounding trees, bend them down, and swish by. The tree hits the spongy earth with a crash.

The men pick up their axes before the tulip-shaped leaves have stopped quivering. One woodsman trims off the side branches while the other marks off the trunk in short lengths. They cut the stem into short bolts; move to another tree.

In addition to the poplars, the men cut the aspens, red maples, willows and cottonwoods. They ignore the other species entirely; they are not suited for this special market.

After 15 or 20 trees have been felled and sawed to length, the men peel the bark off the short bolts with draw-knives. They must not wait too long or the sap will dry, making the bark hard to remove. They stack the naked sticks in neat cords.

At the mill a man checks and measures the loads. The drivers pull the trucks away and dump the wood on a huge pile. A grappling hook is working feverishly at the opposite side of the mountain of wood. It places the sticks on a conveyor that carries them into the rambling plant.

Once inside the plant, the tempo increases. The men at the sorting tables throw out the defective pieces of wood and bore the knots out of others. The

\**St. Joseph's House for Homeless Boys, Philadelphia, Pa. March-April, 1942.*

sticks reach a huge machine that cuts them into small chips.

The chips pour into enormous vats of chemicals that cook away the impurities such as lignin and tar. All that is left now of the wood is a mass of long fibers. These move into a bleaching vat for further refining.

The white pulp goes into giant mixing bowls where clay and a few other materials are added. This nearly liquid mass then travels on to a long shaker screen where a stream of water beats the fibers together. The cells seem to join. The water drains away as the pulp moves along; the vibration dies away toward the end of the screen. The pulp, now a solid sheet, enters a series of rollers that press out the water and polish and size the pulp. It emerges at the other end of this massive machine as a roll of gleaming white paper. The entire process requires only a short time. A tree cut in the morning can become your evening newspaper the same day.

This is a far cry from the days of baked-clay tablets, one of the earliest forms of writing material. Probably the nearest approach to our modern paper was made from the papyrus plant that lined the Nile river. The Egyptians cut these reeds into small strips, placed them across each other, wet and pressed them. The result was a crude paper on which the events in that part of the world were recorded for many centuries.

Parchment made from animal hides was another form of paper. The fiber of alfa grass found in Northern Africa

was used to make paper in many parts of the ancient world. Jute, flax and cotton were also sources of these necessary fibers.

In the middle centuries, man learned how to make paper from rags. In fact, until two short generations ago practically all of our paper was made from scraps of cloth. Remember the ragman who used to make regular visits to your neighborhood? He was the pillar of the paper industry then.

In the memory of a great many living today, paper was expensive and sometimes hard to obtain. There were fewer magazines and books, smaller newspapers, slates instead of inexpensive tablets for school, and paper bags were a luxury. At Valley Forge there was not enough paper to write the military orders. Man knew how to make paper but there was a shortage of raw materials.

Then he watched wasps building their nests. He noticed that they stripped pieces of wood from old boards and dead trees, chewed this wood until it became a ball of moist pulp, then pressed it with their feet to make small sheets before it was added to their nests. He examined these nests and found them composed of layers of crude, gray paper. Thus man learned how to make paper from wood; he has improved but has not changed this process of pressing the wet fibers together.

Americans are the greatest users of paper in the world. More than 90% of our paper today is produced from wood pulp. Rayon, cardboard, cello-



phane, movie film and countless other items are also made from these same wood fibers.

This requires vast tracts of timber. It takes from 50 to 80 acres of pulp-producing forest to supply the paper for a metropolitan Sunday newspaper. In recent years much of our pulp has been coming from Canada; before the war, Norway, Sweden and Finland exported large quantities of pulpwood to this country. At home, the spruce, fir and hemlock regions of the northern states have furnished us pulpwood for many years; the South is rapidly becoming an important pulp-producing area, since methods have been found to make paper from the pines grown in that region; the hardwood forests of the central states provide pulpwood for some of the better-quality papers. There are untapped resources in the vast spruce regions of Alaska.

Not all woods are suitable for making pulp. Besides poplar, spruce, balsam, fir and hemlock have been the important "pulp" species; others already listed have been used in varying amounts; and additional species are being made available every day through the discovery of new methods of extracting and processing the wood fibers.

The war has made paper a shade darker because some of the chemicals used in bleaching have been diverted to the war industries.

But we will never have a shortage of paper so long as there is wood for pulp. Of course, we will have to conserve our present forests and replenish them as they are cut. We are doing this now, and we will continue to do so. By careful planning and scientific management we can insure the supply of pulpwood indefinitely.



### Where'er You Walk

Those of our day who hearken to Christ's words, live in the inspiration of His life, become the saints of Main St.: baby saints; saints of the lollypop and ice-cream cone; holy tots of the sand pile; clean-minded youth of the playground; saints that chuckle merrily at the Sunday comics and smile happily at their prayers; uncanonized saints of the shop; saintly depositors at the people's savings bank and holy men who joyfully clip coupons that they may help Him and His brothers; merry saints of the golf links, the tennis set and the swimming pool; hiking saints; saints that sail and fish; saints, who, like Him, love to climb mountains; saintly Josephs and Marys of the Christian home.

John B. Delaunay, C.S.C., quoted in the *Annals of Good St. Anne de Beaupré* (June '42).

# Pearl of the Desert

By S. M. JOHNSTON

Insight for sight-seers

Condensed from the *Lamp*\*

**It was** high noon of Dec. 2, on the Papago Reservation south of Tucson, and the Papagos were outdoing themselves with a clamor of bells and ear-splitting display of fireworks.

Above the Mission San Xavier del Bac with its ornate façade, its many niches and arabesque pillars and balconies, multicolored banners whipped and snapped in the stiff desert wind. Candles in gaily bedight containers reposed on the walls of the courtyard, and out front, Indian men ceremoniously waved punk sticks and fired torpedoes.

From the rear of the structure near the little mission school echoed shouts and laughter and songs, while high and reedy above the din filtered the strains of a mouth harp, telling secrets of flying bare brown feet and flashing eyes. The children were dancing.

Thus came the festival of St. Francis Xavier to the Papago Reservation and the historic Papago mission sometimes called the Pearl of the Desert—generally conceded to be the most beautiful of all the mission churches of the U. S.

As early as 1688, Pima Indians living at a place known as Bac (Indian for *plentiful water*) learned of the great Jesuit missionary Father Eusebio Kino among the tribes to the south and sent messengers hundreds of miles

across the sandy wastes to the Mission Dolores in Sonora, Mexico, to petition him to visit Bac.

Overwhelmed with work, Father Kino could do little more than promise to come some day in the remote future to the Pimeria Alta—the name which he gave to Bac. This promise he fulfilled in 1692, and so delighted was he with the fertility of the land of Bac and the friendly spirit of its inhabitants that he decided to found a mission.

This he did in 1697, and named the church for the renowned Jesuit saint and Apostle of the Indies, Francis Xavier. The ruins of the old building may yet be seen about a mile north of the present mission site.

Father Kino also established a stock farm at the Pimeria Alta for the support of future missionaries. Thus were brought to a land, later to become famous for its ranches, its first cattle.

Father Kino did not live to see the completion of Mission San Xavier, for, worn out by ceaseless labors, he died in 1711.

In 1751, the Indians, hitherto peaceful, revolted and forced the Jesuits to abandon San Xavier's and flee for their lives to Mexico. During a long year the mission stood deserted amid the hills of the Southwest. It was as if some malign influence had blotted

\* 102 Ringgold St., Peekskill, N. Y. May, 1942.

Christianity from the land. Then one day Spanish soldiers marched down the valley. The presidio of Tubac was established 37 miles south of Bac and order was restored. With the soldiers came again the Jesuits, and once more the clangor of the mission bells made music across the desert, and brown-skinned worshipers padded along the gravel trail winding down to the iron gate of the mission.

But storm clouds again hovered over San Xavier's. In 1767, scarcely 15 years after the re-establishment of their far-flung undertakings, the Jesuit Fathers, through the intrigues of enemies, were banished by royal decree from all Spanish possessions.

This decree brought the Franciscans to the Pimeria Alta, for when news of the law became known, the viceroy of Mexico — realizing how necessary the work of the priests among the Indians was for the welfare of the state — petitioned the Father Guardian of the Franciscans in Mexico to send members of his Order to take charge.

Of all the names of the legion of brave soldiers of Christ connected with the mission, not even Father Kino's shines more brightly on the records of achievement than that of Fray Francisco Garces, the first Guardian of San Xavier's. This padre, by his kindness won not only the respect of his savage charges but their love as well, and under his direction the mission flourished. Then one evil day, the Apaches swooped down from the north, raided the Pimeria Alta and left the place in ashes.

Undaunted, Father Garces set about reconstructing the church. Not to him, however, was to go the honor of rebuilding. Soon he was transferred to the mission at Yuma and, later, was murdered by the Yuma Indians while saying Mass.

Other valiant Franciscans carried on Garces' work at San Xavier's, following as closely as possible the plans of their beloved master and building, so tradition says, on the very foundations laid long years ago by the Jesuits. The architect was Ignacio Gaona; his helper, Pedro Bojorquez. Under their direction, the cornerstone of the present structure was laid in 1782. Massive walls, seven feet thick, of handmade, fire-baked brick went up as if by magic. There were no steel or iron reinforcements for these brick. Instead, through a hole in the center of each were thrust reeds plucked from the desert. Even the dome, an imposing specimen of its kind and second to none as far as workmanship is concerned, is of the same brick and remains in place without any supporting columns.

A few months before the completion of the edifice, the architect, while supervising the erection of the second of the imposing twin towers which crown the structure and rise two stories higher than the main building, fell and was fatally injured. And so, today, one tower still stands unfinished, and the legend on the massive old sacristy door credits Pedro Bojorquez with having put the final touches to the undertaking in 1797.

There are several interesting little sidelights about the architecture of San Xavier's, and courteous Brother Emmanuel, who frequently serves as guide, delights in relating them.

"See those two angels—one on each side of the columns supporting the arch of the sanctuary," he says. "They were given by the architect in memory of his two daughters who died while he was building this church.

"And look at the mouse on that arch and the cat over there!" The Brother's finger indicates a small stone mouse and an equally insignificant stone cat separated by many feet of space. "The Indians say that the end of the world is coming but not until that cat has caught that mouse.

"Some say this church was built by the Jesuits, but that can hardly be so. No Jesuit would have put *that* there." Sure enough, around the entire front of the cruciform building, just where the walls end and the roof begins, may be seen a Franciscan cord, definitely a part of the original symbolic ornamentation of the whole.

This design presents mute evidence that the church was undoubtedly erected by the Franciscans, just as the cruciform outline supplies evidence in favor of the theory that the Jesuits laid the foundations, for no other Franciscan mission of the same era is known to follow a similar plan, whereas the Jesuits commonly used the cruciform design.

The chief architectural value of San Xavier's lies in the fact that it embodies all that is best and most characteristic

of the Spanish mission era. The interior is highly ornate—arabesque in style. On the time-darkened walls are many murals which tell the story of the life of Christ. Some of the pictures have become so dimmed by age and exposure and fire that it is almost impossible to distinguish their meaning. Blended with these in skillful harmony are colorful Indian motifs wrought by Indian hands in native colors—vermillion, green, dark brown—obtainable from the desert.

The main altar and reredos merge into a masterpiece of artistry. Cherubim and seraphim peep from every conceivable corner and covering. High overhead, God the Father presides over all. Beneath stands a full-sized silken clad carving of the Immaculate Conception. The central figure of the great tableau is St. Francis Xavier.

The altar with its elaborate background is made still more beautiful by a covering of gold leaf. High up, the gold glistens with mellow richness in the dim light of the sanctuary. Lower down the ornamentation is darker and duller.

Brother Emmanuel explains, "Bandits picked the gold off the lower portions of the altar and reredos. They shot the angels, too."

And many a winged cherub with head blown off or body riddled, bears witness to the truth of the Brother's words. But that happened long years ago: between 1821 and 1859. In 1821, Mexico declared her independence from Spain, and as a consequence the Spanish government withdrew all aid

from the missions. That in itself was a heavy blow to the Spanish padres but an even worse misfortune befell them when the Mexicans turned on them and drove them from even those distant outposts of Christianity which they had so long maintained against all odds.

It was during this period of abandonment that San Xavier's suffered from so much vandalism. For 38 years the Pearl of the Desert lay solitary

amid the shifting sands of the Southwest, until one day, the wondering Indians beheld a brown-clad figure plodding along the slightly lighter-brown desert trail. Some of the younger tribesmen did not know what the apparition could be.

"A spirit!" they cried. "Let us flee!"

"No!" commanded the older Pimas. "It is a padre! A holy man of God!" And so came the Franciscans back to their own.



## The Red Cross on All Fronts

Blessed the merciful

By ROBERT F. MacHATTON

Condensed from the *Catholic Life*\*

**At military** and naval posts, wherever there are American forces in training or combat, Red Cross field directors take care of the welfare problems of the men and keep them in touch with their families back home. These field directors wear a uniform somewhat like the U. S. army uniform. They go out with the troops on maneuvers, stand by them under fire and help them when in trouble. In Hawaii, the Philippines and Australia, in Iceland, the British Isles and other parts of the world where U. S. soldiers are taking up their positions these field directors and other Red Cross personnel are meeting endless tasks.

There is the story of the boy who was on maneuvers when word came

from his home-town Red Cross chapter to the field director that the lad's mother was near death. Immediately the field director took the matter up with the soldier's commanding officer, obtaining an emergency leave. A quick trip by commando car up the line succeeded in locating the lad and starting him on his journey home where he arrived in time—not to see his mother die but to save her life by means of a blood transfusion.

Because of its organization, with its chapters in every city and county throughout the U. S., and field directors in close proximity to all units of the fighting forces, the American Red Cross is the ideal and frequently the only means of rapid communication

\*907 Michigan Ave., Washington, D. C. Summer, 1942.



between the members of the armed forces and their families and friends back home. The value which such a service may have is illustrated by the following case: the field director stationed at a marine base recently received word from one of the men that the latter's brother had been accidentally shot in a hunting accident. The boy's elbow had been shattered and his family in California had appealed to their boy in the service. As for the marine, he had exactly \$5 to his name and his family little more.

The field director reassured the man and put a call through to the Red Cross chapter nearest the boy's home. There volunteer home-service workers took charge. A week later word came that all was well. The boy had been taken to San Francisco where the chapter had engaged one of the best surgeons and had paid all expenses. Because of this quick service the boy's arm would be saved. When the field director informed the marine of these facts nothing would do but that he start paying off the expenses which the chapter had incurred to save his brother from becoming a lifelong cripple.

Army medical authorities agree that recreation of the right kind speeds recovery of convalescent patients. To accomplish this purpose the War Department has constructed many hospital-recreation buildings and, by mutual agreement, these buildings are staffed, equipped and operated by the American Red Cross. Included in the equipment are sound motion-picture projectors and, according to Norman H.

Davis, chairman of the American Red Cross, more than 350,000 convalescent soldiers have attended picture shows staged in these buildings by the Red Cross since this program started last October.

At present there are 65 hospital-recreation buildings in operation and more than 1,300 performances, involving 250 productions, have been given. Plans call for the opening of 42 additional centers.

Besides the movies these recreation buildings are equipped with games and other forms of amusement to keep the men entertained during convalescence. Lounge chairs, writing and card tables, chess and checker sets, all kinds of games, ping-pong tables, radios and musical instruments are to be found in all of them. Most of the games which the Red Cross supplies to army and navy recreational centers are made by Junior Red Cross groups.

Although these games are of great importance, they form but a relatively small part of the American Junior Red Cross program of assistance to the armed forces when considered in its entirety. As a matter of fact, there are 72 different types of articles being made for distribution to our soldiers and sailors by the Junior Red Cross which is composed of more than 14 million boys and girls enrolled in schools the country over. This list includes such items as cushion covers, rag rugs, kit bags, sweaters, afghans and a host of others.

From the standpoint of the civilian one of the most important Red Cross



projects in aid of Uncle Sam's fighting men is the blood-plasma bank established last year. Plasma is the liquid part of blood from which the red and white cells have been removed.

The value of human blood for transfusion purposes has long been recognized. However, use of whole blood is limited. It cannot be stored for any length of time as it begins to deteriorate within relatively few days. Shaking also causes deterioration, making its transportation difficult. A third limiting factor is the necessity of cross-matching blood of the recipient and the donor, and of finding donors with the right type, for not all people are in the same blood grouping. Should the wrong type blood be administered, extremely serious consequences may develop.

Because of these limitations thousands of lives were lost during the first World War. And, for this reason, a tremendous amount of research has been going on to evolve a good substitute for whole blood. This work has resulted in the segregation and use of blood plasma.

Plasma may be transported any distance and stored in a frozen state without deterioration. If refrigeration is impossible or uncertain, liquid plasma may be further reduced to a dry, powdered form, in which state it will keep indefinitely. Dried plasma needs only to be mixed with distilled water to make it ready for use. Last but by no means least, when using plasma it is unnecessary to type or cross-match the recipient's blood.

Plasma has made notable contributions in the present war. Last October when the U. S. S. *Kearny* was torpedoed in the North Atlantic, the life of a seriously injured sailor was saved by transfusion of plasma, dropped by a navy plane in the water near the crippled destroyer. At Pearl Harbor hundreds of seriously wounded and burned soldiers and sailors were saved because the Red Cross and other agencies had built up a reserve supply of plasma which was stored aboard ship and in Honolulu.

Up to the present the army and navy have requested the Red Cross to supply a sufficient number of donors to provide 1,280,000 units of plasma by July 1, 1943. Of this number 380,000 units were requested for delivery by July 1, 1942. As of April 18, 255,000 units had been supplied and donations were being received at the 18 Red Cross donor centers at a rate of about 18,000 a week. In most cases an average of one donor per unit is required.

Because of the Red Cross blood-donor program, no matter who you are or what you do, if you are between the ages of 21 and 60 years, and in good health, you are in a position to give something which may directly save the life of a soldier or sailor. Giving blood is simple. It is painless. It takes but a few minutes and leaves no aftereffects. Before you may donate this precious fluid, the medical staff at the donor center must make an examination to determine whether you can afford to lose the blood.

The 18 donor centers operated by

the Red Cross chapters are located in Milwaukee, Chicago, Cleveland, San Francisco, Los Angeles, New York City, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Buffalo, Rochester, Indianapolis, Detroit, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Boston, Washington,

D. C., Cincinnati and Brooklyn. All you need do is call your Red Cross chapter and enroll as a volunteer blood donor. Your local chapter will let you know when and where to appear to offer your precious gift.



## Spanish Aftermath

By FENTON MORAN

Pieces are being picked up

Condensed from *The Sign*\*

**The countryside** of Catalonia smiled in through the windows at us during our three-hour train ride from the border to Barcelona. There are very few trains in Spain, and they are always crowded. Every trip, even when the distance is short, seems endless. But the people talk with you, and laugh with you, and tell you their political opinions, and their aversion to regimentation, and even their jokes about leading figures of the land, just as people had done in the old free days in France. If this is fascism, it is a brand so particularly Spanish as to be almost indistinguishable from liberty.

Newspaper accounts of the bombardment of Barcelona had prepared me to weep over the ruins of this once marvelous city. But I was agreeably disappointed to find that relatively little damage had been done. The port installations had been partially destroyed by Franco's German and Italian allies,

and there were some traces in other parts of the city of the terror through which the people had passed. But I found that deeper and more irreparable wounds had been inflicted by the fury of the revolution within the city. Ancient convents and churches were utterly demolished or hopelessly wrecked by the demoniacal madness during the anarcho-communist uprising. In some places there is only the level ground to show where a glorious monument of the past once stood. There is not a single church in Barcelona, of artistic worth or not, which does not show some gaping wound.

This orgy of infernal cruelty toward inanimate things, which is almost more revolting than the flare-up of hatred against one's fellow beings, can be understood only as the work of outside agents. A virus foreign to this land of peaceful enterprise and intelligent respect for tradition — the virus of

\**Union City*, N. J. June, 1942.

Mongol bestiality and destructiveness—had to be administered in stupefying doses to bring these people to commit or participate in such acts.

My friend and guide, Pedro Mir, explained how this was done. When the revolution broke out, he and his family were staying in a village near Barcelona. During the first week, several cars full of strangers armed with rifles and machine guns arrived in the town, and the men introduced themselves as commissars. They announced to the bewildered townsfolk that they were to burn the church. No one, however substantial his republican sentiments, would have considered this a necessary part of civic regeneration. But fear of these foreign authorities drove people to collaboration.

Surprise and fear silenced those among them who wished to resist this act of barbarity. Pedro told me that he was among these latter, although his role was only that of a spectator. No spectacle, he said, could have been more degrading. Never in his life had he felt such humiliation and contempt for his own weakness as he did while he stood there and watched those unhappy people assemble the seats and other properties, according to the usual formula, and set them afire in the middle of the church. To most of them it was their own place of worship they were destroying; to none of them, in any case, was it the symbol of hatred and oppression which the foreign instigators of this crime tried to tell them it was.

When the fire was well under way,

the outsiders disappeared as they had come, going on to the next village to carry on their work of destruction. Left to themselves, the townspeople looked with helpless amazement at their smoldering church. Ashamed to look at each other, they went slowly away one by one to lock themselves in their houses.

In Madrid I lived for many months at Gaylord's. Two years of diligent brushing and mopping have not yet succeeded in removing all trace of the filth which the Russians left behind. There was a story that if one reached down into the inner spaces of comfortable chairs, one could still bring up old numbers of *Izvestia* or *Pravda*.

Casting a nonprofessional eye over the scene of what was once the war front in Madrid, I was amazed that the combat should have been so long stabilized at this point. Was it, in truth, as we had been told, the sheer courage and stamina of the "loyalists" which for two years held the "rebels" from the capital? I discussed this with many Spaniards of varying degrees of warmness toward the new regime. The Nationalists, they told me, might have taken Madrid shortly after they reached their farthest point of penetration. But the cost of this victory would have been what we now call an "all-out" attack, in which the damage to the city would have been incalculable. The determining factor in this long halt before Madrid, or one might almost say, in Madrid, was not the heroism of its defenders, but the reluctance of General Franco to mutilate the capi-

tal of the country he was fighting to liberate.

The boisterous and highly demonstrative single party in Spain, the Falange Española Tradicionalista, gives itself airs which its real position in the feelings of Spaniards, even its own members, does not warrant. It is the hybrid result of an arbitrary fusion by the government of essentially conflicting groups which supported the Nationalist cause. Composed of Conservatives and Catholics, Royalists and Carlist Requetes, it is dominated, verbally at least, by the fascist element, the original Falange founded by the martyred José Antonio Primo de Rivera, son of the earlier dictator. It is the opinion of many Spaniards that if José Antonio were alive today he would hardly recognize and certainly not approve the policies which are carried out in his name.

The average citizen, even in a country which observes the forms of a democratic government, takes very little part in the external manifestations of government. When a senator, or even a more important member of our governmental apparatus, makes a pronouncement to the city and the world on any point of international politics, we do not necessarily feel that what he says represents our opinion of the question or binds us to the observance of any particular conduct in this regard. It is only when the governmental machinery is put into operation in any active way that such an utterance becomes consequential for us and for the rest of the world.

The same, I believe, is true of Spain; we ought not to consider that the declarations of certain members of the government, even important members, necessarily represent the opinion or the policy of the country. There appears to be little doubt but that Señor Serrano Suñer, the foreign minister, and other members of the Spanish government are definitely pro-German in their sentiments and would perhaps even like to throw their country into the war on the side of the Axis. But up to now, at least, Suñer seems to have received a mandate from his government only to make threatening speeches and to parade handsome new uniforms, reputedly of his own design, in wordy gatherings of the Axis group in Berlin. So far there is no tangible indication that the government contemplates any implementing of these bellicose manifestations.

This Jekyll-and-Hyde aspect of the Spanish government was illustrated during my stay in Madrid at the moment when, at last, Germany and Russia fell out. The day the Germans invaded Russian territory, Madrid was the scene of what the newspapers obediently called "spontaneous popular demonstrations," and stones were hurled through the windows of the British embassy. A friend of mine from the embassy told me that in his office, as the brickbats sailed through the glass, one member of the staff, an elderly retired army man, fussed with his papers muttering, "I'm sure that dreadful paperhanger is at the bottom of this!" So, indeed, he was.

I saw these "spontaneous" demonstrators — a sprinkling of enthusiasts and a great number of professional hooligans who might have been induced to behave with equal spontaneity toward the windows of the nunciature or even those of the party ministry itself.

It is not my business nor pretension to judge the acts and intentions of those who gave their lives in Spain's ruinous drama. But without departing from this strict reserve, I may record the average viewpoint of Spaniards of all classes who, while the war was still in course, took one side or the other, or even preserved their own neutrality, feeling in the midst of the passions which had been set loose that one side was little better than the other. Taking stock of what happened to their unfortunate country, they have given me their opinion.

It is on a practical basis that Spaniards face the judgment they are called upon to make. It is more useful to a Spanish Catholic, for example, that his religious life has been preserved to him than that the faith of all his generations should have been uprooted under the guise of establishing the fundamental principles of that religion itself. The average Spaniard makes his choice between the situation as it is and that which he conceives would be existing had victory gone in the opposite direction. No one in Spain, outside the columns of *Arriba* or the sonorous periods of official speeches, would honestly contend that Spain is now a land of promise or that there are not many

things to be regretted. There is injustice and incomprehension (although the scale on which well-fed ex-politicians, writing diatribes against tyranny in a comfortably upholstered exile, place these things, exists only in their dishonest imaginations; there is misery and there are many tears.

On the other hand, while what was described as a "war against the people" has in some instances bettered their condition, and in most others left them no worse off, life has become possible for whole sections of the population which would not even exist today had the issue of the war been different. Social experiments are being tried out, with greater or less success according to degrees of political honesty which are neither fascist nor Spanish but human, with which our most ardent democrats could not quarrel.

What would be the situation of Spain today if the other side had won? If after the same years during which vengeance accumulated and hate bred more hate, the victory had gone to what we persisted, with truly offensive obstinacy, in designating the "legitimate government," which had become little more than the dregs of the Soviet-inspired extremists, balancing perilously on the border with the cash-box securely under its arm? For the answer, I think that we ought not to look to any of the discredited politicians who carried off their ill-gotten millions into the security of a distant exile. Nor to any of those foreign enthusiasts whose interest in the conflict was divorced from any human compassion for the



suffering they witnessed. Nor to those who considered the whole tragic experience of the country as a palpitating experiment in the alembic of social theories, and for whom the life-blood of Spain was the exciting ink used in the writing of best sellers.

The answer can properly be given only by the Spaniards. And they have given it to me. The answer is given by my friend Manolo, whose sleep is haunted by the recollection of the horrors he knew in the prisons of Barcelona; by my friend Clemente, hunted through the streets of Madrid for the crime of possessing a religious picture; by my friend Antonio, a grandson of an illustrious statesman, whose father and brother were put to death with Asiatic tortures in the dungeons of Madrid; by my friend Chemo, who spent two years confined in the basement of the Chilean embassy where he had taken refuge with a hundred other hunted citizens; by my friend Pepito, a "loyalist," who served with the Red forces and whose conscience will not let him forget the orgy of debauchery and cruelty into which he was swept.

It is the same answer from all these people belonging to all classes and all walks of life. It is the answer given by the mutilated churches which show their tragic wounds throughout the length and breadth of Spain. The anti-religious, antisocial and antimoral fury which, from the very beginning, engulfed the Spain of the "loyalists," is the measure of the worth of the regime which all liberal Europe and America, without any reference to the feelings of

the Spaniards themselves, incontinently chose to champion.

A government which officially employs these powers of darkness, as was so largely the case in Spain, stands judged and condemned in the eyes of humanity. A government which, having opened the door to all this madness, finds itself overwhelmed and unable to restrain it, which is the excuse most generally offered by the apologists of the Republic, is no government. No argument of principle can avail to defend a record of crime which is so staggering. Is it not idle and criminal to summon the rights of the citizen to explain the fate of those hundreds of thousands of innocent, inoffensive and heroic Spaniards who were massacred by hordes fanaticized by the teachings of Russian apostles?

This is the judgment of most Spaniards today. This is the choice they make. However divergent the views they may take of the form of government which would be ideally best for their country, they would not, in conscience, exchange their position now for what it would be under the opposing circumstances. Certainly there is in Spain today more genuine faith in the integrity, patriotism, and qualities of leadership of General Franco than there is sincere belief in the doctrines of the Falange party. The vast majority of Spaniards feel that one must take the bad with the good, and hope for better; that if the Party includes objectionable elements, there is a substantial guarantee against their harmfulness in the person of the head of the state.

Desert

The  
idea.siona  
pi. T  
come  
unite  
think  
for in  
land  
by de  
Indian  
a sire  
menacIt v  
session  
army  
sidera  
had c  
idea.He  
bill th  
purch  
daries  
necess  
the va  
in the  
to the  
in the  
tion o  
Napol  
tian c  
bearin  
Coma  
Car  
Davis



# Camel Caravan, U.S. Style

By ERIC STRUTT

Desert ships that passed

Condensed from the *St. Joseph Magazine*\*

**The camels** were Jefferson Davis' idea. It was 1851 and he was the visionary young senator from Mississippi. The slavery question had not yet come to a head and the U. S. was still united. Jeff Davis had other things to think about, other causes to espouse, for in the West was a great golden land almost cut off from civilization by desert and mountain and savage Indian tribes. It was a land that raised a siren voice above an undertone of menace.

It was during the last days of the session of Congress in 1851, and an army appropriation bill was under consideration. Davis saw that a chance had come for him to introduce a pet idea.

He offered an amendment to the bill that would provide \$30,000 for the purchase of 30 camels and 20 dromedaries, with ten Arab drivers and all necessary equipment. He alluded to the valuable activities of such animals in the deserts of Asia and Africa, and to their successful use by the British in the East Indies for the transportation of army supplies and light guns. Napoleon had used camels in his Egyptian campaigns to combat native races bearing close resemblance to the fierce Comanches and Apaches.

Carried away by his enthusiasm, Davis pointed out how effective camels

would be in the fierce western frontier skirmishes. "They can drink enough water to last them over 100 miles," he told his colleagues. "They can travel tremendous distances without rest and at a speed of from 10 to 15 miles an hour. They would be able to overtake the Indians—which our cavalry can't do. There's no reason why they can't transport small ordnance and do everything here that they have done in the East."

He pointed out that the American western country was a land of brittle shrubs and brackish water—both of which fitted in nicely with a camel's idea of diet. Jeff Davis rested his case.

Senator Ewings of Ohio said the U. S. was too cold for the proposed experiment. Senator Rantoul of Massachusetts wasn't interested in the cold, but he objected on the ground that \$200 apiece was a pretty stiff price for camels. Brought to a vote, the amendment was defeated with 19 to 24. This was before the days of billion-dollar congresses, and \$30,000 to buy camels was an extravagance that the senators refused to sanction.

California, however, was not content with the decision, and with a Californian love of ballyhoo the westerners started beating their publicity tom-toms. Newspapers took up the scheme and rushed into print with agitated

\**St. Benedict, Ore. June, 1942.*

editorials. They demonstrated the possibility of forming a lightning dromedary express to rush mail to the Pacific coast in 15 days. They advocated the establishment of fast camel passenger trains from the Mississippi river to the Pacific ocean.

The camels could load up their internal water tanks and drive straight across the wastelands, without regard for watering places. The beasts could board on sagebrush, take their next drink out of the Colorado river and, after a quiet lope over the desolate desert, unload their passengers in California two weeks later.

Although Jeff Davis had been beaten in his first attempt to make Congress camel-conscious, he was not the man to give way easily; he persisted in his scheme. As secretary of war under President Pierce (1853-57) he demanded and received reports from army officers in the southwest outposts that strengthened his belief in his plan.

Finally when Davis felt his position was strong enough, he laid his detailed reports before Congress. The result was that a commission deliberated over the findings of the secretary of war and returned with a favorable recommendation that caused the Congress of 1854 to appropriate \$30,000 for the purchase and importation of camels.

Late in December of the same year, Major C. Wayne was sent to Arabia and Egypt for 75 of the beasts. He bought his first lot in Cairo and loaded them onto the naval-store ship *Supply*. Then he slipped over to Smyrna and bargained for 30 more of a different

kind. Their prices ranged from \$75 to \$300 each.

The ship, *Supply*, reached the Gulf of Mexico on Feb. 10, 1857, and disembarked its queer cargo at Indianola, Texas. All but three of the camels had survived the trip. Half of them were taken to Albuquerque, N. Mex., and an expedition was quickly fitted out to proceed to Fort Tejon, California, under the command of Lieutenant Beale. The remaining half were sent out on the plains of Texas and the Gadsen Purchase, now Arizona.

Lieutenant Beale's route lay along the 35th parallel, crossing the Mojave desert. The novel expedition, which included 44 civilians and an escort of 20 soldiers with camels loaded with baggage and water, arrived safely at its destination. Several later trips were also successfully completed.

The Los Angeles *Star* of Jan. 8, 1858, reports: "A drove of 14 camels under the management of Lieutenant Beale arrived in Los Angeles. They were on their way from Fort Tejon to the Colorado river and the Mormon country, and each animal was packed with 1,000 pounds of provisions and military stores. With this load they made from 30 to 40 miles a day, finding their own subsistence in even the most barren country and going without water from six to ten days at a time."

A story in the same newspaper dated July 21, 1858, states: "The camels, eight in number, came into town from Fort Tejon, after provisions for that camp. The largest ones pack a ton and can travel 16 miles an hour."

O  
been  
nite  
be b  
assign  
foun  
of m  
lant-  
to a  
phur  
the s  
lable  
ed at  
them

At  
ness  
drive  
born  
long-  
learn  
mean  
than  
tire h

It  
travel  
equal  
struck  
ing a  
off ac  
jaunt  
There  
active

A  
a ton  
heavil  
row s  
manag  
strewn  
The  
their  
import

Only two native camel drivers had been imported with the herd—a definite error, for the camel driver has to be born to the business. Mule-whackers assigned to the foreign animals soon found they did not speak a language of mutual understanding. The petulant-lipped camels did not take kindly to a language that dealt mainly in sulphuric epithets. Having been reared to the sound of soft, lisping Arabic syllables, the camelian dignity was shocked at words with square corners on them.

At first the camels' mild submissiveness provoked the rough-and-ready drivers. They were used to the stubborn and understandable rebellion of long-eared mules. However, they soon learned that in pure, unadulterated meanness one lone camel could more than balance the scales against an entire herd of mules.

It was true that the camels could travel 16 miles an hour—but it was equally true that as soon as camp was struck in the evening there was nothing a camel would rather do than slip off across the wastelands for a little jaunt of 25 or 30 miles before supper. There was plenty of sleep lost over this active eccentricity.

A "ship of the desert" could carry a ton with ease, but if two of the heavily laden beasts collided on a narrow stretch of trail, as they frequently managed to do, tons of supplies were strewn across the hillsides.

The army horses and mules shared their masters' antipathy for the ugly imported brutes and every time that a

camel lifted its voice in the wind the rest of the stock tried to stampede.

The soldiers cursed and complained. The camel was despised, hated—and often persecuted. Vainly the officers pleaded with their men to give the animals a fair trial. The soldiers wanted nothing to do with them. Many teamsters deserted, and troopers who were detailed for camel duty said there was nothing in the U. S. army regulations that could impose the activities of an Arabian camel driver on an American soldier.

As there was no one to load and drive the animals the journeys became less and less frequent, until they finally ceased. The camels were stranded at various forts throughout the Southwest.

It was apparent to army officers that the experiment had become a fiasco. No attempt was ever made to chase Indians; the Indians, on the other hand, developed an appetite for succulent camel steaks. The Apaches killed them whenever it was possible, and the camels soon learned to shun the redskin. Some of the camels died of neglect, and some of them were shot by troopers who innocently explained that they had mistaken the woolly tufts on the animals' humps for Indian topknots.

At the breaking out of the Civil War, 35 or 40 of the camels were herded at various U. S. forts: Yuma, El Paso, Verde and several of the smaller Texas posts. The eastern posts turned their herds loose to follow their own desires.

The animals from Yuma and Fort Tejon were driven to Benecia where they were auctioned off to two Frenchmen. The optimistic Latins took them to Reese river, Nevada, and employed them in the packing of salt to Virginia City. Later the camels were taken to Arizona where they carried ore from the Silver King mine down the Gila to Yuma. But even the Frenchmen's patience wore thin during these enterprises and the forlorn-faced herd was abandoned on the desert near Maricopa Wells.

Still they refused utterly to be restrained from the paths of men, and they managed to cause a great deal of mischief along the overland trails. As apparitions looming out of the night they caused such panic in the bands of horses and mules that many of them were shot by teamsters and soldiers.

In 1882 several wild camels were caught and sold to a menagerie. The International Boundary Commission on a surveying trip in 1895 reported observing a number of camels in prime condition, that were evidently descendants of Jeff Davis' protégés. Numerous

other reports have spoken of camels dusty-white with age, with hides of hard, leathery appearance, and hard pronged hoofs unlike their natural cushioned feet. A herd was seen after 1900 in the Sonora desert, 40 miles below the U. S. border.

Weird tales are related also of a great red camel seen by prospectors lost in the desert; and a gray one, still wearing a worn saddle.

There is just one more note to add to the sad saga of the camel in the U. S.; it concerns the two native drivers. The Arabian names of the camel drivers being not easy to the American tongue, the drivers became known as Greek George and Hi Jolly. They were familiar figures for many years in the old Southwest. Hi Jolly became a packer and a scout for the army and later settled down in Tucson. Greek George, however, was more like his outlaw camels. It was in his home that Tiburcio Vasquez, the notorious bandit, was captured; and a short time after this incident Greek George was gathered to his fathers by way of assassination in New Mexico.



### *Terminal Facility*

Dean Swift was once asked to preach a charity sermon. A hint was given that a brief appeal would be preferred. "I shall be short," promised the Dean.

Entering the pulpit he said, "My text is: 'He that giveth unto the poor lendeth unto the Lord.' Brethren, you have heard the terms of the loan. If you are satisfied with the security, put down your cash."

That was all. The collection was a record one.

*The Cross (May '42).*

# Comic Magazines

By SISTER M. KATHARINE and MARION W. SMITH

*'Tain't funny*

Condensed from the *Catholic Library World*\*

**Comics were** started in Germany about 1880 to boost newspaper circulation. In 1887 they made their appearance in the U. S. Emphasis was on humor until 1915, when the adventure story started. In 1929 a number of comic books were published, bound in cardboard covers, and retailed at 50c to 75c. The characters were portrayed in several short episodes, in the familiar black and white of the newspaper.

In 1936 various syndicates tried out the 10c comic magazine. The paper was cheap, the print small, but the pictures were in color. The first issue of a still popular magazine included Moon Mullins, Dick Tracy, Smitty, Mutt and Jeff, the Gumps, Orphan Annie, Gasoline Alley, Harold Teen, and Winnie Winkle. Another first issue has the Nebbs, Joe Palooka, Dan Dunn, Buck Rogers and other favorites. Most children had always found the comic page in the newspaper too short; here was something after their own hearts. The comic magazines' instantaneous success led to more and more of them, the content of which became more adventuresome. Rapid changes were made until the wide difference between the comic of today and that of 1936 is evident. Today's editions are much more highly colored, print and paper stock are considerably

better, and the stories are vastly more sensational.

At the suggestion of the pediatricians of Duluth and under the auspices of the Women's Institute, a survey was undertaken to determine the magnitude of the local comic magazine problem. In the Duluth schools, both public and private, a questionnaire was given to 8,608 children from the 4th through the 9th grade to determine the number of comics read during the prior week. The findings were somewhat disconcerting. The 8,608 children read 25,395 comic magazines, although 935 did not read comics at all! The questionnaire attempted also to discover the specific choice of each child. Bat Man, Superman, Donald Duck, and Tip Top Comics were the four leaders, with little difference between private and public schools. There was also but little difference between the favorites of boys and girls.

The maximum number of comics read by any boy in the public schools during the previous week was 47 and by a girl, 42. In the private schools the maximum number of comics read by any boy was 46 and by any girl, 47. This reported number may have been exaggerated, but the children at least felt sure of the number.

The peak of comic-magazine reading was reached in the 6th grade in

\*University of Scranton, Scranton, Pa. May, 1942.



the public schools. In the parish schools the greatest number of comics was read in the 4th grade.

Why do the comics appeal so strongly? It was thought that this question could best be answered by asking the children themselves. Consequently 350 children in two schools, one in Chicago and one in Minneapolis, were asked to write, without signature, their answer to this question: "Why do you like comic magazines?" One hundred twenty-one gave as reason, in essence, their humor; 90 named adventure; 52 thought their choice was due to the fact that the pictures made for easy reading, they "carried the story along." Forty-six read just for pastime. Twenty-one found satisfaction in the belief that the comic magazine "solved crime."

Humor, occupying the first place, leads to the conclusion that most boys and girls are looking for something worth a laugh. Well, homes are rather dour at times and grownups seem to have lost their sense of humor. The lack of household chores and little room for the boy in a small home accentuate the problem. To the mind of the average adult, there is very little that is really comic in the comic magazines, but to the child or adolescent, who is accustomed to getting fun out of tripping up another boy, seeing him slip in the mud, seeing a small boy get the better of a big boy, many crudely ridiculous situations have the effect of creating a feeling of satisfaction.

But why does love of adventure hold such a prominent place? We think the

mastery motif is in this way satisfied through reading as it is satisfied in reality by getting into a good fight with a neighborhood group; by climbing the highest peak of a mountain; by going off-shore in the frailest raft; by swimming out the farthest; by being first at a fire; by creeping along dangerously sloping projections between windows, etc. Boys are perpetually in quest of adventure. There enters also the element of empathy or self-identification, to intensify the mastery motif. Bucky, Robin, or Dandy, as the case may be, accompanies Captain America or Superman as an aide in their adventures. An adolescent boy reads himself and his imaginary feats into the lives of these fearless boys, thus getting, vicariously, decided satisfaction.

Interest in the pictures and their ability to carry on the story is the next most dominant motif listed. One cannot deny that even the crudest drawing or the most inartistic colored picture, so long as either tells a story, has a universal appeal. A few lines can tell as much as a whole page of print. A child with a limited vocabulary is able to get the story because of the pictures.

Taking the next important reason, in numerical order, children read the comic magazines just for pastime. In other words, there is nothing equally appealing. This is understandable if teachers and parents have not encouraged or provided more worth-while leisure-time activities.

That many of the comic-magazine heroes bring wrongdoers to justice is

1942  
give  
a re  
Hoo  
din  
the  
forc  
to m  
is ap  
men  
succ  
bly,  
vails  
Co  
on p  
tract  
overc  
rid. 7  
alway  
stock  
diffic  
not u  
more  
alway  
Capt  
ing t  
justic  
the h  
the fr  
witne  
al; he  
killin  
mom  
and S  
into t  
justic  
partic  
to jus  
their  
were  
A n  
to beir



given, especially by older children, as a reason for liking them. The Robin Hood theme is common. The plot ordinarily involves the administration by the hero of justice which ordinary forces of law and order seem unable to manage. The idealism of childhood is appealed to. This might be an indictment against grown-ups who have not succeeded in lessening crime perceptibly, or in seeing to it that justice prevails.

Comics are printed for the most part on poor stock, the illustrations are attractive and telling but almost always overdone; colors are unpleasantly lurid. The type is poor, as a rule, but not always. If it is not poor, the paper stock is so cheap that it makes reading difficult. The grammar is frequently not universally acceptable. Crime and more crime spreads over the page with always a hero: Bat Man, Superman, Captain America intervening and saving the day by bringing criminals to justice. The small boy accompanying the hero is found in the very heart of the fray. By proxy the child-reader is witnessing the extravagantly sensational; he is participating in numberless killings and hangings which stop a moment short of a lethal end. Bat Man and Superman are out to take the law into their own hands as they mete out justice. But do boys in real life ever participate in bringing such criminals to justice? Are parents willing that their boys should do so if opportunity were really given?

A number of boys and girls confess to being afraid to go to sleep lest Super-

man should fail to arrive in time to rescue them from the claws of Fang. Others, of the dominant kind mentally, use Superman methods in gaining mastery or in punishing a supposed opponent. Some even assume the role of a character in the comics. There is little doubt regarding the extent to which the comics have invaded the thought and the life of the persistent child-reader.

One of the major dangers in comic reading, especially for the nervous child, is the almost inescapable "deep-thought" daydreaming, wishful thinking that the comics condition. In a few more years we may find either a withdrawal tendency with schizophrenic trends in the offing or the tendency toward suspicion, aggression, or even cruelty.

The charge has been made that parents permit and sometimes encourage comic reading like the "soothing syrup," laudanum, used a half century ago to keep children quiet and give a mother or a nurse "some peace." Stirling North writes: "The pro-fascist pattern supplied by the 'comics' is replete with the violent fantasy and impossible hallucinations now endangering the civilized world. We must furnish antidotes to the 'comic'-magazine poison. We have failed miserably if we fail to teach the coming generation to cherish the honest, the beautiful, and the legitimately imaginative in literature."

Of course, the comics may have a place in a well-balanced recreational program, but should they hold the

high place they appear to hold today? Each month some 12 to 15 million copies are bought by children. With exchange systems of sharing in this reading, each book is used by many children. The enormous amount of time spent on such reading could certainly be better spent in recreation.

Dr. Robert Thorndike observes: "A comic magazine contains over 10,000 words of reading matter. If a child reads a copy of this or a comparable comic once a month, he would cover in a year a total of over 120,000 running words—roughly, twice the word-age of a 4th and 5th-grade reader." And it might be added that he will

have acquired in the reading much current slang; he will have lost his taste for Oxonian grammar; will have formed a habit of sliding over words he doesn't know; lessened his sense of artistic values; put himself over and over again in a state of hyper-excitement where nothing but the most thrilling can give him adequate satisfaction. Someone has remarked that we do not give highly spiced foods and drinks to our young boys and girls; why give them such an oversupply of highly spiced reading? A little dash of pepper we need not worry about. A diet, pepper-saturated, may burn so much that tamer foods can no longer be enjoyed.



## Flights of Fancy

Sliding down the banister of life.—  
R. S.

The guy drips like a rented bathing suit.—*Fibber McGee*.

Bright as a deb pinned to an orchid.—*Quentin Morrow Phillip*.

A fellow who has to reach up to touch bottom.—*Patna Mission Letter*.

He stopped turning and stood suspended like a smoke ring in midair.—*Alex Gaby*.

He was wearing out his temper, and his carpet, with short, exasperated paces.—*A. J. Cronin*.

He is cashing in on the war gilt.—  
*Alastair Macpherson*.

Pointed opinions whittled by a sharp tongue.—*Carol Steinhoff*.

Windshield wipers trucking merrily in the rain.—*Maureen Daly*.

You always see her mouth before you see the rest of her face.—*Maureen Daly*.

The less a man is abused the more he doesn't amount to.—*W. A. Newman Dorland*.

The engine was sniffing cautiously through the maze of yard tracks.—  
*Thomas F. Gavin, S.J.*

[Readers are invited to submit figures of speech and other well-turned phrases similar to those above. We will pay upon publication \$1 to the first contributor of each one used. Exact source must be given. Contributions cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

# The Pride of South Boston

By JAMES GARVEY

The Cabots also lived there

Condensed from the *Canisius Quarterly*\*

**In Boston** John Lawrence Sullivan's father was the best hod carrier and his grandfather was the champion shillelagh fighter in old Ireland. John, the champion of them all, was born on Oct. 15, 1858, near Boston College. Even though he didn't go far in that school he did enter and obtained the rudiments of the oratory which he loved to practice. Upon the slightest provocation he would burst forth into a flowery address whether he were on the stage, in the ring or standing at a bar.

His parents' greatest wish was that John should become a priest but his physical ability led him into other paths. At 16 he was able to lift nail kegs and full beer barrels. Once he saw five men trying to lift the rear end of a horse-drawn trolley back onto the track. John walked over, asked the men to step aside, grabbed the trolley and set it back on the track.

He started out to learn the plumbing trade but had to give up this idea when he proved that he was a better man than his boss. And so it was with the tin trade. To add to his abilities he was a ballplayer of some fame. Cincinnati offered him \$1,300 a year, top wages in those days.

But John thought himself a better fighter than ballplayer. After his first ring fight he was convinced. It took

place, or rather was supposed to take place, in a Boston theater. A fellow named Scannell, the local Hercules, was presented and anyone in the audience able to stay with him would win a sum of money.

Scannell looked out at the audience and grinned. Then he looked across the ring into the gray eyes of a 19-year-old boy, almost six feet tall, weighing 190 pounds. Scannell looked at his smooth arms, his sloping shoulders and thick hairy chest, then up at his square jaw and broad face. That was enough for Scannell; he jumped over the ropes and ran out of the theater. John L. Sullivan had won his first public fight without throwing a punch. But cries of disapproval arose from the audience. John L. was not one to leave his public unsatisfied so he thought "some customer might like to come up and fight." And one did come up, but John's good right hand sent him flying through the air back into the crowd.

Determined to become a champion, he started training conscientiously. It was probably this strict training in his youth that gave him his stamina in his later career. Also, he wanted as many fights as he could get. Because of his impressive build, a theater manager gave him a chance to fight in a variety show. His first bout was with

\**Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y. Summer, 1942.*

Goss, a former English champion. A 3rd-round victory inaugurated his long series of K.O.'s and bolstered his reputation. The next year a knockout in the 2nd round over Steve Taylor, one of the top-notch fighters, boosted his fame. All that summer he fought, offering \$25 a round to anyone who would meet him. On Christmas eve in 1880 he had his first fight for a stipulated purse. It was in Chicago, against John Donaldson, whom he beat in the 10th round with the usual K.O.

He came back East the idol of the nation. Wherever his train stopped, crowds gathered to hail him. And he loved the opportunity to step on the back platform and give a short speech. New York went wild over the new champ. But his ovation at Boston was beyond description. There a reception was held at the opera house in honor of Boston's own son. And for the next ten years, in spite of his hard drinking and lack of training, he was supreme both in the ring and in the favor of the people. At times, the size and enthusiasm of the mobs compelled him to stay in his hotel room.

His horseplay increased his popularity. Like a devilish youngster, he did nothing really bad. But the police vied with each other in arresting him, considering it an honor to get their name in the paper with that of John L. Sullivan. One officer came up to him and said, "You're drunk, you're under arrest." Sullivan lifted the officer's hand from his sleeve and answered, "That ain't true; but even if it was I'll be sober tomorrow, while you'll be a fool

all your life." The laughter of the gathering crowd sent the policeman hurrying off.

After becoming the champ, Sullivan continued his offer to whip any man in four rounds or forfeit \$50. In less than one year the \$50 was raised to \$1,000. Many empty challenges were thrown at him, so many that it was impossible to accept all. When some impossible offer was turned down, the challenger would boast that the great Sullivan had refused to fight him.

He broke his right arm fighting Pat Cardiff. The bone did not knit properly and had to be rebroken and reset. All during this time Jake Kilrain was making public his challenge to Sullivan. But when Sullivan was again in fighting condition, Kilrain suddenly became very quiet. Later on, Sullivan was taken sick and again Kilrain showed the champion with challenges, only to back down when Sullivan was able to fight. But this time the public demanded that the fight take place.

Sullivan had been drinking and carousing entirely too much since he had become champion. But for this fight he trained earnestly in the country. The match was scheduled for July 8, 1889, at New Orleans. But the state intervened as it had on a previous occasion. They battled at Richburg, Miss., instead. Fighting in Mississippi was also unlawful. So just before the fight the sheriff stepped into the ring, announced that the fight was "agin' the law" and stepped out again.

With this preliminary completed, the fight started. In Kilrain's corner was

Mitchell, an Englishman who had fought Sullivan twice before. Kilrain resorted to Mitchell's fashion of boxing by hitting low, spiking and running.

In the early rounds Sullivan obtained the upper hand, losing only a round when his opponent could sneak in with a wrestling hold and throw him. Between rounds Kilrain drank whisky as a stimulant, but Sullivan wouldn't even sit down. They fought 75 rounds under the scorching sun at a temperature of 120. Finally Sullivan was declared the winner although Kilrain was not knocked out. But Kilrain collapsed a few minutes later. Neither man was seriously hurt but the strength of both had been sapped.

Directly after the fight both men boarded a train for Alabama to escape the Mississippi state officers. But when they arrived at Nashville, both were arrested. The judge dismissed them, and John returned to New York. But while the judge was satisfied, the governor was not. He had extradition papers drawn up, and John was returned to Mississippi.

When his train pulled into Jackson, he was met by a large crowd of admirers. The sheriff considered his jail too humble for the great champion so John registered at the best hotel in town. A public reception committee came to extend the city's greetings to him. This was followed by visits from many of the *haut monde*. So enthralling was Sullivan that a public committee demanded that the governor extend the freedom of the state to him.

This was too much for the governor; he had Sullivan confined to jail, but even here he had the freedom of walking and smoking in the yard. After a lot of legal action, he was convicted and fined.

Sullivan was never a boxer nor a scientific fighter. Before a fight began, he would glare at his opponent as if wondering why he was foolish enough to get in the same ring with a champion. That half won his fight, so nervous did his opponent generally become. When time was sounded, he would slap his thigh with his hand, make a wild rush, swing a few times and the battle was over. There were no bulges of muscles in his arms. Most of his power came from his shoulders and back. So he could throw more power by lunging than by jabbing. It was this ignorance or lack of skill that kept him from being the world's heavyweight champion. Although he had beaten more than 200 men in the ten years he was champion and was recognized to be superior to any fighter alive, he nevertheless was deprived of the official title. Billy Mitchell was to blame.

The first time Mitchell and Sullivan met was in New York. The second fight took place in Europe. John had toured England and Ireland making personal appearances. Mitchell was in England and Sullivan wanted another chance to fight him. He hadn't yet beaten him officially and so could not claim the world title he merited. The agreement was made and the match was to take place on the Rothschild estate in Chantilly, France. In previous



fights, Mitchell had done his best to evade Sullivan by running, ducking, kicking or any other means he could devise. Therefore he demanded that London prize-ring rules be used. That meant that the ring was on the ground.

An unusual group of spectators gathered about the ring. The New York *Evening Journal* described them:

"The worst criminals in England were at the ringside, standing in the corner of Mitchell, the English fighter. They had announced that Sullivan would not be allowed to win.

"In Sullivan's corner stood a respectable-looking man dressed in a stove-pipe hat, and a heavy, blue overcoat, with a velvet collar. He kept both hands in his overcoat pockets as he spoke quietly to Pony Moore, Mitchell's father-in-law, 'I suppose you know what I've got here in each hand,' tilting up the barrels of two revolvers. 'Tell your Manchester men in your corner not to take any chances on me,' a statement which meant he would kill anyone who interfered with his notions of fair play.

"Nobody did interfere with them. The man was Billy Porter, the bank burglar, one of the most dangerous and murderous of American criminals."

When the time came for the fight, Sullivan entered the ring confident. Time was sounded and the fight he wanted most of all to win had started. Mitchell darted and dashed out of reach with Sullivan continually on the chase. The 10th round came and it began to rain. In a short time the ring

was a pit of mud, all the easier for Mitchell to twist away from the American champ. For over three hours they fought in that mud and rain. Finally a draw was called and Sullivan had failed. Time and time again he had floored the Englishman but each time Mitchell came up more elusive than before. John's failure to knock him out voided his claim to "world's champion."

While he did not win the title yet he had not lost the fight, for he was to suffer defeat only once. A young lad from the West had sparred with the great man once and had watched him fight many times. Sullivan was his great idol. Yet he determined that he would be the one to beat him. He studied Sullivan's style of attack, he knew every move the champ would make. After gaining a reputation in the West as a boxer par excellence, he was given his chance against Sullivan.

As usual, Sullivan had done all his training in the barrooms. When the time came he was flabby and slow. His body was filled with alcohol. Yet the doctor found him physically perfect except that his lungs were weak and breathing might be difficult if he had to exert himself. It was really his continual lack of training and his dissipation that conquered him. For the Sullivan of '82 would easily have been the master of any man who ever fought.

On Sept. 7, 1892, he stepped in the ring in New Orleans and looked across at the lithe, well-developed body of James J. Corbett. The shouts and the cheers were deafening. Sullivan after



ten years was still the man of the hour. Boston's boy was favored five to one to win over his ex-sparring mate. He himself had no doubts.

Time was sounded and the roaring mob hushed to a dead silence as each spectator leaned forward to view the destruction of another victim. Sullivan arose from his corner, slapped his thigh and grinned arrogantly. Corbett, cocksure, didn't cower back, instead he laughed aloud. Sullivan just couldn't comprehend this. His arms dropped, his mouth fell open and his eyes gaped wide. Corbett was one up.

Mitchell had been elusive, but compared to Corbett he had been slow. Angered by his defiant laugh, Sullivan chased him for rounds but he was as elusive as a shadow. Corbett used no unfair tactics, but with a catlike grace danced away from Sullivan's murderous but wild swings. Towards the 15th round Corbett began to slip in some punches, not particularly hard ones but nevertheless forceful enough to be felt. Sullivan's strength was being sapped by Corbett's speed. In the 21st round Corbett landed a solid right to the jaw. It shook the champion. Another opening and another right to the jaw and Sullivan fell. He tried with every ounce of his strength to rise but each time he fell back. The referee counted ten and a new champion was crowned.

For a few days Sullivan was mad. But this soon passed and he came to have a deep liking for his conqueror. He was glad that if he had to lose it was to a man with a good Irish name like Corbett. Another mark of Sulli-

van's greatness was his realization of defeat. He admitted that Corbett had beaten him fairly, and that his reign as champion was over. He had no visions of a flaring comeback. He hung up his gloves for good.

His popularity was not limited to the sporting public. He probably had met more important men than any other person of his time. One of his boasts was, "I have shook hands with every President since Garfield was on the job." Theodore Roosevelt was his favorite and a personal friend. Any remark against Roosevelt was an insult to Sullivan.

He was perfectly at ease when meeting renowned people, and considered those he was meeting to be as honored as he was. It wasn't exactly egotism but more the reflection of a colorful character. When he was introduced to the Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII, he said, "I'm proud to meet you. I have often heard of you. If you ever come to Boston be sure to look me up; I'll see you're treated right."

During his trip to Europe he had an interview with Pope Leo. At Baltimore he met Cardinal Gibbons. They had conversed for a while and when parting the Cardinal said, "Well, good-by and God bless you." John, wishing to be polite, responded, "Same to you."

John L. Sullivan died Feb. 2, 1918, but his name lives on like that of Rockne. He brought fighting from a side-show tent into the garden of real sports. Because of him the fame of Corbett, Dempsey, Tunney, Louis and other great boxers was made possible.

# The Chauvinism of Time

By ROSALIND MURRAY

Going nowhere fast

Condensed from the *Tablet*\*

**Most of us** are alive to the dangers and the evils of an exaggerated nationalism. However much we have ourselves at times indulged in nationalist place-chauvinism, however much we still do, the extreme form it has assumed today in Germany has awakened us to its dangers; but we are still completely unaware of the equally disastrous time-chauvinism which has so largely replaced that of place among ourselves, and which has, moreover, contributed largely to the new German form of nationalism.

We may define time-chauvinism as an idealization of our time, an over-valuation of modernity. In practice it appears as the substitution of novelty for truth. We are all familiar with the tendency to refer questions of moral or abstract truth to the judgment of "modern public opinion" as final arbiter. "The modern mind demands," or "inacceptable to the modern mind," are phrases which clearly illustrate the length to which this substitution has been carried. The question whether the statement in view is true does not come under consideration at all; its acceptance or rejection by the modern mind is all that matters.

In practical politics it may be important to know whether our particular proposals will be acceptable to our electors. Under a democratic system it

is essential, if we intend to get our measures through, that they should be pleasing to the majority; but in the world of thought, the attitude of other finite minds can be of only secondary value, and that insofar, and only so far, as these are qualified to discuss the subject. What we are anxious to know when we propose our article of faith, our intellectual theory, is not what Tom, Dick or Harry thinks about it, but whether it is true, which is quite another question.

The root of the error is the belief, assumed almost instinctively by the general public, that what any one of us thinks is intrinsically of more value because we are living now, because we are modern. Why this should be so is hard to see, for modern men have been most unsuccessful in their attempt to fix the world; things are not going well, we all admit, but the conspicuous failure of a world founded upon these modern principles has done little to shake the confidence reposed in the self-worship of the modern mind.

The immediate basis of time-chauvinism can be found in the theory of compulsory progress, the mechanistic ideas of evolution on which an enlightened paganism had relied. If we believe as our initial dogma that progress is determined and continuous, it follows that what comes latest in time is best;

\* 12 Queen Victoria St., Reading, England. May 9, 1942.

if what comes latest in time must be best, it follows that we shall force ourselves to judge as good those tendencies, manifestations, standards which we find prevalent at this latest time. It is a vicious circle and a closed one. It deprives the modern mind of all power of detached thinking.

A contributory cause of this persistence is to be found in our mechanization and the power which the machine exercises upon the mind in an industrialized society. We are continually and unconsciously affected by the standards of the machine. In terms of mechanical development, latest is still best; as a general rule the newer type of motorcar or tractor is better than the earlier model, and to the mass mind of this generation the values which differentiate human beings from the machines they serve are increasingly ignored. Such phrases as new thought, new morality, new Europe are illustrations of this attitude; if we have the latest model in our thinking, in our morals, in everything, we are bound to be right.

It is on account of this machine influence that we find time-chauvinism most prevalent in the nations that are most industrialized, or, as in Soviet Russia, in nations which, although actually behind in industrial progress, have for some reason especially concentrated upon its development, whereas the more agricultural civilizations have kept rather to the old place-chauvinism, their nationalism.

We may see this modernism as horizontal, a spreading-out sideways across

national frontiers in bonds of fellowship between modern men. Such movements as socialism and communism have in their better forms this character, but they are flat and shallow, without depth in the past, without traditions, whereas the nationalist as such, is narrow, divided from other nations of his time, but deep and rooted in his own traditions, linked with the heroes of his national past, vertical as opposed to horizontal.

We see these two types as appealing to different groups and temperaments, but they are complementary, not opposed, and both are evil, because both violate intrinsic truth in favor of incidental values. Both are forms of self-assertion, of self-exaltation through exaltation of the thing I am.

The evils of excessive nationalism are before us in so extreme and hideous a form that we are in no danger of ignoring them. Pope Pius XII, in his encyclical, *Summi Pontificatus*, picked it out for special condemnation as one of "the two most pernicious among the many errors which derive from the poisoned source of religious and moral agnosticism." But time-chauvinism, the worship of modernity, is perhaps a more insidious evil; less obvious, less immediately threatening to the life and property of our neighbors, it destroys us from within. Disguised under many forms of idealism, progress, enlightenment, well-being, it has taken possession of our subconscious mind; it influences our judgment, our ideas, the standards and values upon which we shape our lives in seemingly quite un-

related matters; even more than the obvious error of nationalism, it is the dominant evil of our day.

Even the present forms of nationalism are themselves profoundly influenced by this rival form of self-glorification. In Germany and in Italy today, there is almost as much insistence on the "newness" of their respective national rebirths as on the "national" character of the "newness," while we of the older democratic cultures illogically combine it with our attachment to our own traditions, traditions of liberty, democracy, progress, which we identify with this same really hostile love of newness. We are indeed so permeated by this modernist obsession that we have lost the power to recognize it; we have lost the power of discrimination between intrinsic value, intrinsic truth, hypnotized as we are by the assumed pre-eminence of the newest thing.

Incidental disadvantages resulting from inveterate modernism force us to admire the latest developments as superior to those of any preceding stage. We find ourselves bound to approve and value the characteristics which differentiate the present most distinctly from the past; the ever-increasing influence of numbers, of quantity as opposed to quality standards, on the analogy of mass-production, the machine standard, the latest model, distinguished always from earlier examples by greater output at a greater speed; and this, if we are able to regard it from a detached and objective point of view, we know to be in truth a degradation,

a prostitution of our mind, a deliberate misuse of our faculties.

A secondary result of the same attitude is to be found in the excessive premium set on youth, a characteristic shared by dictatorships and democracies. This overvaluation of youth in itself, apart from any individual merit, is characteristic of a civilization in which the material predominates over the more selective quality-value. As human animals, the young excel; the more our interest is centered on the body, to the exclusion of the mind, the more is indiscriminate exaltation of youth enhanced. It is but an inevitable result of the long process of reversal of values which has marked the revolt of man against his assigned place in the divine order, the logical consequence of the first assertion, "I will not serve!"

In this respect the revolt of youth is but a counterpart of the wider tendency by which in other departments of our lives the cruder, less developed elements have been exalted at the expense of what in other ages would have been reckoned as superior. This process, comprehensively described as "barbarization" of life, we recognize as taking place in others, although we are less conscious of it in ourselves.

This process is without any doubt regressive, a reversion from a higher state to a lower, from a higher culture to a more primitive one. The clock moves backwards in our modernism, and there is nothing new under the sun. If we see the revolt of man from God as one long process of disintegra-

tion, the replacing of higher value by lower value, and the reversal of right order that this implies, we should expect to see material nature exalted against the nonmaterial, and the temporal condition of our existence extended to blot out eternity.

Man, as he is envisaged by the Christian, as soul and body, combines in his own nature in a special way the conflicting elements of time and eternity; he partakes of both by nature, and the believing Christian, consciously and fully, belongs to both. Insofar as he is a wholehearted believer, he fuses and

solves the apparent conflict into the balance that his faith provides. As soul and body are combined in man's nature, so in the world around in which he lives, the qualities of eternity and time combine to form a harmony of existence. Viewed from this angle, the limitation imposed on our life by the materialist is seen as an extreme impoverishment; an existence limited by the temporal measure of here and now appears devoid of all reality, a one-dimensional and stylized world, from which vitality and life are completely drained.



## The Spire

By ARTHUR BRYANT

The unmoving finger writes

Condensed from the *Illustrated London News*\*

The long English train was crowded with the usual wartime company: soldiers laden with gigantic packs and exchanging familiar observations, a few cheery sailors, a sprinkling of civilians. There was little in the news or in the wintry landscape to cheer the heart. Dogged endurance was the best hope life afforded for most of us for a long time to come; we were back in 1916 or thereabouts and knew it. At such a moment, even the thought of exhilaration would have seemed a kind of weakness: our business, we all knew in our uncommunicative English way,

was to set our teeth and win through. Yet as we steamed through the outskirts of the Cathedral City, every eye automatically turned to the window, peering over the suburban roofs and penthouses in eager search of something. And then, as the old houses in the heart of the city glided by, we saw it: strong, tapering, exquisitely right in proportion and significance. And at that momentary vision there was a kind of inaudible sigh; our eyes dropped back to our papers. We retired each into our grim spiritual dugout, ready for the next experience, arduous

\*London, England. March 7, 1942.



or harsh. But within every heart there burned a little flame of hope. We had taken inspiration from our own gallant past. For we had seen it: the spire!

Hundreds and hundreds of years ago men had built it: tough, gnarled men in strange garments, remote from us as men from another planet, yet our own forebears. Some part of our blood, some facet of our daily vision, came to us from them. They were the far-off forefathers of our own fathers; without them we could not have been at all. And in their ignorance of most of the diffused knowledge we take for granted, and lacking nearly all our conveniences, they built the cathedral and crowned it with its spire. It must have been a hundred times more difficult for them to build it than it would be for us. Yet the fact remains that they did build it, and we, were we to essay the task, would almost certainly fail. We are their masters in material and accomplishment; we with our trains and motors, our cranes and electric power. But they still remain our masters in spiritual comprehension. We could tell them more about this world than they even dimly guessed, but they could teach us more about life itself. For their souls were at one with their existence and ours are not. Their bodies suffered from black death and typhus and smallpox. But their minds and hearts were not racked like ours by what the Victorian poet called the "strange disease of modern life with its sick worries and divided aims."

For to them life was a unity, even if to us many of the conditions of that

unity seem ludicrously false. For them the cycle of birth and death was complete: they knew their business on earth. They felt themselves at one with the stars and the furthest profundities of space; they believed that the Eternal Disposer of all things was their heavenly Father and that the meanest sparrow could not fall without His eye seeing it. They knew they had only to obey God's commandments and He would never forsake them, though the whole earth turned against them and the sky fell on their heads. This was not just an outward profession of faith; it was an all-pervading, inescapable belief shared by every living man and woman. For all the imperfections, inequalities and hardships of their lives, it gave them a wonderful poise and sense of unity.

On this foundation our ancestors did their work. It was governed by two considerations: the satisfaction of man's needs and the magnification of God. A medieval peasant or craftsman or scholar did not work primarily for profit. He worked to satisfy his fellow creatures and glorify his Maker. His reward economically was the just price for his labor and spiritually the self-respect and joy that come to those who work with their body, mind, heart and soul. Profit for its own sake, regardless of social justice and the satisfaction of creation, did not enter into the scheme of things. So far as it existed—and it undoubtedly and unfortunately did—it was frowned on by society and condemned by the Church. The man who deliberately purchased in the cheapest



market and sold in the dearest was labeled a forestaller and regrater: in other words, a criminal and a sinner. The man who lent his neighbor money and charged him interest was a usurer: a thing which no Christian was entitled to be. The whole basis of economic life, judged by 19th and 20th-century standards of business, was inverted. Trade and production on such a foundation as theirs still seems to us almost unthinkable.

Yet the men who based their lives and labor on it built the great cathedrals, the noble monasteries, the tithe barns and manorial buildings of the Middle Ages. And they built with tools we would compare to a child's spade. They evolved a society which, within the limits of its knowledge and technical attainment, assured a standard of living and contentment for the husbandman and artisan as high in comparison with the contemporary average of wealth as anything England has known since. They achieved a vitality

and physical and spiritual awareness that shines and sparkles at us out of every colored page of medieval missal and illuminated manuscript. That glorious spire, which in a dark hour gave me and my fellow travelers a breath of inner vitality, was still to be had from their handiwork after seven centuries.

And perhaps now, when we are seeking that social rebirth (although most of us are still unconscious of the quest), we shall find the key to our new society in the principles that guided our ancestors of the Middle Ages. For they came closer to the real needs of men and women than the principles that have guided the economic society to which we still belong, but which is fast passing away in the crucible of war. No doubt before we or our children can apply the old principles effectively, a great process of reeducation has to take place. But the encouraging thing is that, under the stimulus of war, it has begun.



The nazi authorities in Poland frequently bar Poles from admission to specified places, such as motion-picture theaters, coffeehouses and restaurants. Polish children are barred from all the playgrounds. To make these ordinances known to the public the Germans mark all places from which Poles are barred with the notice: "*Nur für Deutsche*" (For Germans only). In eloquent retaliation, the Poles have marked most of the trees and lampposts in Warsaw with the same inscriptions.

*Poland Fights (5 June '42).*

# Darkness Over Poland

By SIMON SEGAL

Challenge accepted

Condensed from a book\*

**Poland is a** profoundly religious country. The majority of the people are militant Catholics and the Church was traditionally one of the mainstays of national sentiment. Throughout the 19th century, the opposition to Russian and German domination centered around the Catholic Church. Bismarck believed that through his struggle against the Church in the eastern provinces he would be in a position to destroy the Polish national resistance to any Prussian domination. The *Kulturkampf* of the Iron Chancellor was not so much against the Church itself as against Polish nationalism. The dismal failure of Bismarck in his struggle against the Catholic Church is a matter of history. Instead of weakening the power of the Church, he succeeded, on the contrary, in strengthening its hold upon the Catholics of Germany and in increasing the resistance of the overwhelming majority of the Poles towards the Prussian rule.

The Catholic Church in Poland has been for centuries one of the main centers through which national feeling expressed itself. It is therefore not surprising that when nazism attempts to Germanize the newly annexed Polish areas, it strikes first at the Church. The Catholic Church was more than just a religious institution, especially in the western provinces of Poland. When

the nazis moved in and made the Polish western provinces an integral part of the Greater Reich, they immediately attempted to restrict and, if possible, annihilate the Catholic institutions and thus destroy the Polish spirit in these provinces.

We are in an excellent position to know the situation of the Church in the incorporated area because of the detailed reports made to the Vatican by Cardinal Hlond, primate of Poland. Several memoranda were prepared by the cardinal and on the basis of these the Vatican radio station broadcast accounts of nazi atrocities against the Catholics in German-incorporated Poland.

These broadcasts have charged the nazis with deliberately wishing to destroy the Catholic religion and depopulate the territories of Pomerania, Posen, Silesia, and the other incorporated areas of their Polish inhabitants.† The memoranda of Cardinal Hlond and the Vatican broadcasts have accused the Germans, in carrying out this policy, of closing the churches in several districts and of imprisoning and deporting bishops and priests. Cardinal Hlond stated: "Hitlerism aims at the systematic and total destruction of the Catholic Church in the rich and fertile territories of Poland which have been

†See CATHOLIC DIGEST, Dec. '41, pp. 5-7.

\*The New Order in Poland. 1942. Alfred A. Knopf, New York City. 296 pp. \$3.

incorporated in the Reich, in the face of all right and justice, because of their metallurgical and textile industries, the abundance of their high-grade coal, and the fertility of their soil and their beautiful forests. Except in the dioceses of Katowice where the invaders have observed certain limits in order not to provoke the Catholic workers in the metallurgical industries and the coal mines beyond endurance, almost everywhere the ecclesiastical administration of the dioceses has been effectively destroyed. The bishops, even when they are left in their Sees, are allowed to exercise their pastoral functions only to a very limited extent. The curias and their archives are in the hands of the police and cannot function at all."

The Vatican statement charged that from the beginning of the occupation persecutions of the clergy and destruction of churches continued unabated. Numerous priests were imprisoned, shot, or sent to concentration camps. Churches that had not been destroyed were forbidden to open and only a few were permitted to remain open for two hours during the day. In some churches, the Catholic priests were forced to offer prayers for Hitler at the end of the Mass. Sermons were permitted only in German, and this served as a pretext for eliminating sermons. Ecclesiastical chants in Polish were banned. Marriages were not celebrated since the priests were strictly forbidden to officiate at weddings that were not contracted before by a civil officer. This is contrary to Polish tradition where the priests were both civil

officers and religious functionaries.

In several districts the life of the Church has been completely crushed, almost all the clergy having been expelled. The Vatican reported that Confession was forbidden in certain localities and that in the remainder of the territory the churches could open only for one hour on Sundays.

Monasteries and convents have been methodically closed, as well as organizations devoted to education, publicity, social welfare, charity, and care of the sick. Their houses and institutes have been taken over by the German army or the nazi party. Many monks have been imprisoned and a great number of nuns has been dispersed.

The Germans have confiscated the possessions of the Church. The cathedrals, the bishops' palaces, the seminaries, the revenues and endowments of the Church, the funds of the curias, the lands owned by the ecclesiastical institutes, the churches with their furnishings, and the personal property of the priests, the archives and the museums, have all been pillaged by the nazis.

The Vatican statements gave a detailed account of the persecutions suffered by the priests in the different dioceses of the Polish incorporated provinces. Similarly Catholic institutes of learning like the Superior Catholic Social Study and the Catholic Pedagogical Institute were closed. Catholic publications were forbidden to appear.† Some of these publications had a very large circulation. Also, Catholic

†See CATHOLIC DIGEST, Jan. '42, pp. 60-62.

hospitals were taken over by nazis, and the ecclesiastical foundations closed.

The reports of Cardinal Hlond and the subsequent statements over the Vatican radio have made a profound impression upon world public opinion. They have revealed an almost unique situation in modern world history and seem to have had a sobering effect even on the nazi authorities. It would, however, be a mistake to believe that all persecution of Catholics ceased after those statements were made.

By the end of 1940 when it became apparent that Hitler would fight Soviet Russia, he launched a campaign to win the cooperation of the Catholics of neutral countries, especially of the Americas. American Catholics have been told that the nazis will "re-create the splendid tradition of the Crusades and bring civilization to the East of Europe." When the actual attack on Soviet Russia occurred, a great propaganda effort was made throughout the world, presenting the nazis as the defenders of Christian civilization in the fight against Asiatic barbarism and godlessness.

This pretense of defending Christianity looks indeed ridiculous in the face of the record of the nazi regime in Poland and especially in the incorporated part of that country.

While the situation in the Government General was better than in the incorporated areas, mass arrests of priests also occurred here and Catholic institutions and organizations were closed and suppressed. The reasons for the persecution of the Catholic Church

were not purely religious and national. The wholesale arrests of the clergy also had materialistic and economic reasons. They served to blackmail the peasant population in Poland, which is profoundly religious, and to compel it to deliver the harvest to the nazi authorities. Often when the grain deliveries left much to be desired, the local priests were arrested by the nazis and their release made dependent on larger deliveries by their parishioners. The peasants, in most instances, agreed to deprive themselves of their necessary food in compliance with the exorbitant demands of the authorities rather than have their shepherds tortured by the Gestapo.

Since the German attack on Russia, the situation of the churches, especially in the Government General, has somewhat improved. The nazis sought to rally the Catholics of the world against the Soviets. The Vatican immediately refused to play the game with Hitler, who posed as the Christian crusader against the Soviets. The reaction of Catholics in the occupied countries, and especially in Poland, was even clearer. After having suffered persecution for almost two years, the Catholic Church of Poland rejected Hitler's offer with contempt.

The Church could indeed not accept Hitler's racial theories, which are directly contrary to the Christian principle of equality of all men before God. Furthermore, in Poland, the Church is one of the main forces of national resistance against the German invader.

However, even after the attack on

Russia, the nazis could not afford to let the Catholic Church develop freely. This is easily understood, as the purpose of persecution is not so much to destroy the Church as to eradicate all Polish influence in the incorporated areas. The nazis are afraid that a great movement of Polish opposition might be centered around the Church if some freedom is granted to it.

The Catholic Church under Hitler's new order will probably be allowed to function normally in the Government General if and when it agrees to limit its activities to strictly religious matters and not try to influence the spirit or education of the people against the German rule. In other words, the only way the Catholic Church would be allowed to function in Hitler-domi-

nated Europe would be by the renunciation of one of the fundamental principles of Catholicism — the natural equality of human beings — and the acceptance, if not in theory at least in practice, of the principle of racial superiority. The Catholic Church has refused and the consequence in Poland is systematic destruction of Catholic institutions in the incorporated area and curtailment of Catholic activities in the Government General.

The reaction of the people to the persecution of the Catholic Church was the direct opposite of what the nazis expected. When the churches are allowed to open, they are crowded with worshippers. The Catholic Church in Poland is today probably stronger than ever before.



A calendar, secretly printed and circulated in Poland, is but one of many ways Poles have used to communicate with one another. It was printed in very small type on paper 1½ by 1¼ inches. Among other things, it contained this:

- I. Thou shalt have no other earthly love above me.
- II. Thou shalt not take the name of Poland for thine own glory, career or reward.
- III. Remember that thou shalt give unto Poland without hesitation thy possessions, thy personal happiness and thy life.
- IV. Honor Poland, thy motherland, as thine own mother.
- V. Fight persistently with Poland's enemies to thy last breath.
- VI. Struggle with thine own complacency and cowardice.
- VII. Be without mercy to them that betray the Polish name.
- VIII. Always and everywhere boldly admit that thou art a Pole.
- IX. Suffer none to have doubts as to Poland.
- X. Let no one insult Poland, belittle her merits and greatness, her achievements and majesty. Thou shalt love Poland above all else, save only God. Thou shalt love her more than thyself.

From *The New Order in Poland* by Simon Segal (Alfred A. Knopf, 1942).

# The Boss of the C. Y. O.

By CHARLES CARROLL SMITH

Condensed from *Esquire*\*

**You won't** learn from The Boss how many doomed men he walked with to the scaffold or the chair. In a world crowded with scolds, The Boss isn't one to reach back to recollect errors in humanity's box scores. He won't add his voice in rebuking mankind for being a flock of fatheads.

When he was a Catholic chaplain at the Cook county jail in Chicago, back in 1919, The Boss saw what many considered substantial progress in society's treatment of the criminal. He saw execution advanced from the method of the gallows—a crude and often faulty process of correction—to the scientific procedure of burning. In both cases the soul went to God, according to The Boss' belief, and the corpse went to the next of kin, according to law. The Boss couldn't figure that citizens were entitled to brag about any minor technical change in achieving the ultimate ends of spirit and flesh.

And what bothered The Boss was his conviction that he'd been the comrade of many a pretty fair fellow on the victim's one-way stroll.

A tough kid of one of Chicago's earlier mobs questioned The Boss just before the black hood muffled the lad's cries. The boy shrieked, "Why do they wait until the rope is around my neck before they start to do something?"

"They." Who were "they"? The

Boss wondered. Not being one to pass the buck with tirades, The Boss decided he was one of "they."

The Boss kept thinking of that ill-fated kid, and of

All the woe that moved him so

That he gave that bitter cry,

All the wild regrets, and the  
bloody sweats. . . .

They weren't mainly the unlucky boy's own fault. The Boss knew that. He'd been around. From that hanging and its background, developed an idea. Although the idea was not conceived in a thoroughly inviting atmosphere, that didn't bother The Boss. Calvary was a bleak and ugly place. The idea grew, and continues to grow.

The Boss who worked out the idea and who is still giving it most of his time is Bishop Bernard James Sheil, founder of the Catholic Youth Organization.

Probably one of the most positive proofs that the C. Y. O. has succeeded in its ambition of helping youngsters regardless of their religion, if any, is that the Catholic Youth Organization is so generally known as the C. Y. O.

It is a fact that the diligent Bishop is called The Boss by thousands of youngsters and adults who have a genuinely reverent note in their voices. Reverence is not a spontaneous quality among many who revere The Boss.

\*919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. July, 1942.



During his 54 years of stepping sprightly around this footstool the Bishop must have met at least a million men.

That million is a variegated lot and spread around. From the death cell to the Vatican, from ward heeler to the White House, from slum-housed colored kids to the mightiest barons of business, from the zealous missionary passing out tracts of curious revelation to the distinguished hierarchy of sects has roved this strenuous cleric. And without having a rap registered against him.

Or maybe there are a few. It is said in Chicago that this holy man would dive off the top of the Board of Trade statue to pounce on a nickel for the C. Y. O. The C. Y. O. is the Bishop's baby. In 12 years it has grown past available sustenance resources. Desperation has made the Bishop an adept gentleman at putting on the bite. He is entirely naive about it, too. He even makes a bid for funds about the time the income tax payment is made. At the same time he has C. Y. O. kids selling war bonds and stamps.

And, some whisper that The Boss is the Catholic Mike Jacobs because he has been so active in promoting amateur boxing matches. Anybody who thinks they're scandalizing a cleric by hanging that Mike Jacobs reference on Bishop Sheil doesn't know the score. The Boss laughs.

The C. Y. O. auditor is a Scot, William Haston, who in his duty and in glorifying the Joe Miller tradition of the Caledonians, squeezes a penny un-

til the Indian sweats. The Bishop, impetuous to expand his youth organization work, has his troubles with the adamant Presbyterian. He finds it less trying to slug additional funds from the populace than to plead successfully with "Scotty" Haston to relax his assigned grip on a budget never adequate to handle work the Bishop insists is imperative.

However, the Bishop's resiliency has not been diminished by bumping into financial stone walls. He was acquainted with the intricacies and rules of finance when he was taken from parochial work and appointed to the Chancery Office of the Chicago diocese. In 1924 he was appointed chancellor. He was treasurer of the 28th International Eucharistic Congress held in Chicago in 1926.

Although the ecclesiastical honors that have been bestowed upon Bishop Sheil have been a source of considerable pride to the older settlers of the Chicago Near Northwest-side neighborhood in which he was born, the progress of the region's product is no cause of amazement.

"Bernie always was a standout lad," declare patriarchs and the middle-aged of his old neighborhood, regardless of their religion. The left-handers and the infidels still speak wistfully of Bernie's promise as a pitcher.

He plays a fair game of golf when he can get away. He will score a few strokes more, or a few strokes less, than 100. The game is a combination of roadwork and batting practice to him. After each shot of appreciable dis-

tance he breaks into a trot as his companions puff and plod. His beaming face can't mask with false humility his pride at a long tee or brassie shot. He has mastered the talent of preserving grace after missing a two-foot putt.

It has been noted by those qualified to comment that successful service as a prison chaplain makes a dynamic realist of a holy man. Protestant, Catholic and Jewish clergy who labor behind the walls learn that their gospels must have action. Loyal on one side to the law of his church, on the other to the law that has peopled the clink, the successful prison pastor absorbs an education that makes of him a profound liberal.

So, it follows, as a general thing, that the prison chaplain often is regarded by secular authorities as a necessary nuisance difficult to deal with when miscarriages of justice are discovered. It also follows that the prison cleric, for his energies in behalf of the out-of-luck, inspires critical sniffs of the very nice reactionaries of all sects.

The Boss is blandly guilty on both counts. Though a great many of his labors have been among hard men and kids to whom a solid poke in the features is item No. 1 in their catch-as-catch-can catechism, and the Bishop, who has a fist the size of a satchel, is competent to administer such treatment, there is only one known case of his trading punches.

The incident was early in the days of the Catholic Youth Organization. An especially pugnacious and lawless youth was giving The Boss and numer-

ous other citizens no little trouble.

The Bishop got the young man in a secluded spot. The surly kid ruled out all entreaties and arguments to behave himself.

"Where you've got yourself wrong," said the Bishop, "is that you think you're tough. Well, let me tell you something. I'm tougher than you'll ever be the toughest day you'll ever live. Take a slug at me. Any place except in the eyes or nose. I can't go around with a couple of shiners or a broken nose. But slug. Then I'll slug you. We'll see who carries the most punch."

The boy slugged. With skin turning purple under the boy's punch, the Bishop said, "Now it's my turn. Duck this one if you can."

He let fly a left at the husky youth. The kid went down.

"Now let's get together, son," the Bishop implored.

That suggestion, particularly at that time, appealed to the boy. Batting brains into a kid, although not to be formally advocated by The Boss because of its suspected conflict with the doctrine of sweetness and light, probably is being administered through the boxing activities of the C. Y. O.

Activity of the C. Y. O. in amateur boxing was severely censured by many Catholics, Protestants, Jews and infidels during the earlier period of this phase of the organization's work. Some rough and vigorous kids were among the pioneer corps of the C. Y. O. ringmen. And in due course of events, punching and prayers having failed to

effect sudden miracles, several of those lads lost decisions to the law in extra-curricular nose-punching. And though solemnly scared of making any cracks that might reflect, on second bounce, on the Catholic Church, and wanting to give The Boss the break a right party deserves from believer and infidel, newspapers occasionally identified bad boys as having achieved some other distinction as C. Y. O. pugilists.

Eventually it dawned on the critics that for every goat he roped The Boss had lassoed a thousand stray lambs and delivered them to society as assets.

Now C. Y. O. activities have spread from religion and sport to education and social service, and from a slow start in Chicago's slums during 1930 to busy posts in more than 100 U. S. cities, and in Canada, South America and Hawaii. Although there are approximately 1,000 boys on C. Y. O. boxing teams in Chicago, there are, by conservative count, more than 110,000 boys and girls, young men and young women, closely associated with the organization.

Possibly the most unexpected development of the C. Y. O. has been a noticeable infiltration of youngsters from well-to-do families. As long as this hasn't curtailed operations among the needier youngsters, immigration from the upper income brackets of the populace hasn't bothered The Boss.

He reasons that the youngster from a financially favored family will learn unselfishness that the poor kid has acquired through the struggle for existence. Failure to employ properly this

group morale principle accounts for the hoodlum mobs and gangs, Bishop Sheil discovered. Discrèet direction of this smart-kid tendency to play for the team, he firmly believes, will offset much juvenile delinquency.

It puzzles The Boss why the unselfishness of the poor seems to get them into so much trouble. He had a narrow escape from being the beneficiary of the generous poor when he was in the last days of his service as a prison chaplain. A prisoner he had helped told him that the boys appreciated what he had done for him and were going to give him as a gift something the richest man in town would be glad to get.

Father Sheil explained that in his line what he got was only for the purpose of passing it along, and suggested tactfully that the jail residents ease up on their plan to make any expensive presentation to him.

When it came to him via the grapevine that the zeal of the collectors for the gift extended to some generous and grateful prison alumni and that they were casing several tempting opportunities to supply contributions to the gift fund, The Boss ordered that word be passed around he would accept nothing. They compromised on a testimonial signed by prisoners and alumni.

Emil Gollubier, the athletic director of Chicago's Jewish People's Institute, and in a spot to pass expert and impartial judgment, maintains that The Boss has succeeded in saving amateur athletics. Even among youngsters of subvarsity years amateur athletics are

becoming commercialized as advertising media, Gollubier observes, and sport as an expression and exercise of spontaneous youthful spirit is suffering. The desire to participate being virtually the sole eligibility rule in C. Y. O. athletics, its athletes are free from mercenary incentive.

Sports promotion came into the C. Y. O. picture by the kids' own suggestion. Plaudits of neighborhood crowds in the early boxing exhibitions by the C. Y. O. boys were observed by Bishop Sheil to have a definitely valuable effect on youngsters previously rated by the Bishop as desperate cases and by the authorities as incorrigibles.

Grade A citizens mostly were kids who had been denied the satisfaction of dignity. Usually the only distinction available to them was that of becoming mob leaders. Such distinction as might be won by a youngster in a ring and endorsed by the roar of the crowd could be the foundation for dignity of the youth founded on self-confidence.

Logic endorsed expansion of the C. Y. O. boxing program, but the major impetus was given by the boys' own desire to determine their comparative ratings. With local and international competition being an ambition of the boys, with the gate possibilities appearing attractive, and with the C. Y. O. always needing money to handle a broadening program, the Bishop found himself a fight promoter by force of circumstances.

C. Y. O. contests annually average an attendance of 10,000. They yield approximately \$5,000, which isn't at all

bad considering that the affairs have been staged at popular prices and the Bishop has insisted that the guest kids in international or intercity matches be given top handling.

Scope of the C. Y. O. work makes it plain that The Boss is no amateur at fund raising. How well he has done the painful and necessary task of getting the rich to stand and deliver is attested by the C. Y. O. book evaluation on plant investment which is in the neighborhood of \$2 million. The chief property items are:

The Lewis School of Aeronautics, the C. Y. O. Home for Youthful Transients, the C. Y. O. Home for Parolees, the West Side Community Center, the Mission of Our Lady of Mercy (popularly known as the Working Boys' Home), three Rita Clubhouses for young unemployed girls, C. Y. O. Boys' Camp, and Doddridge Farm.

Doddridge Farm was acquired from the Episcopalian diocese of Chicago in a deal The Boss and the late Bishop George Craig Steward worked out. Bishop Sheil intended to use the farm as a home for European war-refugee children, but before plans could be completed the U.S. entered the war. The Boss has eight refugee children under his personal care. The farm now is being used for outings, retreats and C. Y. O. conferences.

Up to the time Frank J. Lewis, Chicago chemist and contractor, became interested in the organization and bequeathed to the C. Y. O. the million-dollar Holy Name Aeronautic Institute at Lockport, Ill., financing had

been accomplished mainly by The Boss advising candidates suspected of being solvent that they were chosen to help kids get from behind the social and economic eight ball. Selection of candidates was on a nonsectarian catch-as-catch-can basis. Although there was some squirming about blowing money on a long shot, The Boss got a few of the hopeful to dig down for a modest roll.

Medical and dental examinations and treatments accounted for \$17,428 of the C. Y. O. operating expense. Much more in professional fees should be credited to this work for youngsters. Doctors and dentists of the staff discover many cases requiring more time than is permitted by the small size of the organization's professional staff and the vast field of its duties. Other dentists and doctors of all sects volunteer additional expert services to poor youngsters. The Boss asks God to give these experts a break for services rendered, and the docs call the bills even.

The Bishop travels light, financially, himself. Jingling tender of small denomination is a "must" with him because of the taps that are put on him by urchin and adult panhandlers. He is an inconsistent protagonist of planned management in charity.

The C. Y. O. staff knows instantly when The Boss is in fiscal trouble. He jumps from his desk, grabs his hat, then pauses apologetically. "I ought to have a quarter for carfare," he'll remark humbly. Somebody comes up with a dollar. They give him a surplus because they know he's a cinch to get

tapped. Those who have been on the staff for some years are glad to have something to give. They remember the early days of the C. Y. O. when the staff went for six weeks without pay and the The Boss was in a photofinish with a nervous breakdown, trying to keep the new organization from folding up.

Juvenile sandbaggers, whom he never recognizes as such, gang him as he comes into Chicago C. Y. O. headquarters at Congress and Wabash Streets. Not long ago he was convincingly informed to his distress that a racket was being made of panhandling him. An older and sturdier brat had dominated the band and permitted "borrowing" from the Bishop only if the proceeds were split with the self-appointed No. 1 juvenile.

The Bishop hauled the kid in and gave him a sermon on the evil of being a hog and ruining a beautiful racket. To make the sermon register the Bishop made the kid kick back his cut to the rest of the mob.

It is not uncommon to see this august cleric perched on a peg at a soda counter, the center of a group of boys of various colors, of sub-teen age, and all engaged in earnest converse, much in the manner of executives around a directors' table. He starts planting the "dignity of man" idea in kids when the idea can sprout and grow.

Although The Boss is most widely known for his work on the C. Y. O., an achievement of equally amazing character is the Back of the Yards



Neighborhood Council. In two years this enterprise, organized by The Boss and worked out with a young Jew, Saul Alinsky, and an energetic youth named Joe Meegan, brought a miracle of democracy to Chicago's internationally ill-famed Jungle.

The workers, the unions, the employers, the local businessmen, the priests of the groups of various national origins, the kids, all carried through the plan. Nobody was boss, not even The Boss. Peace, understanding and progress have come to a neighborhood where brawling, poverty and crime had made the going rough for the rest of the community.

Kansas City, Kansas, adopted the "Back of the Yards Neighborhood

Council" idea wherein the people of a once chronically troubled district work out their own American plan. It is getting under way at South St. Paul, Minn., and Cleveland.

The Back of the Yards principle basically is the same on which The Boss founded the C. Y. O.: "Give them a chance and they'll make good."

The Boss is a simple man. "Give them a chance" is about the scope of his sociology. The only time you'll ever see him fighting sore is when he's battling to get a break for the sucker. Even then the cases when he gets noticeably belligerent are not enough to be historic. He's a soft-spoken, smooth-operating salesman, no table pounder. But he sells them.



The constitution of North Carolina, adopted in 1776, provided: "No person who shall deny the truths of the Protestant religion shall be capable of holding any office or place of trust or profit in the civil department within this state."

William Gaston's father was a Presbyterian, but he had been brought up a Catholic by his English mother and was the first student to be enrolled at Georgetown University, whose auditorium now bears his name. In 1800 he was elected to the Senate and afterwards became a justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina. His eligibility to hold office being questioned on constitutional grounds, he took up the position that he did not deny the truths of the Protestant religion at all. Only, he pertinently asked, just what were these truths? The question was so ingenious as to be flabbergasting. No Catholic, it need hardly be said—now that Gaston has said it for us—denies any of the truths of Protestantism, for they are also the truths of Catholicism. Insofar as Protestantism has positive content, it is a Catholic content—though in truncated form.

From *The Story of American Catholicism* by Theodore Maynard (Macmillan, 1941).



# Words in Wartime

By SISTER JULIE

Condensed from *America*\*

**W**ar, destructive in its nature, has not greatly enriched the language. Few of the words it has originated have extended their meaning to larger uses. *Belfry* is perhaps the most striking example of a war-coined word retaining in its present use nothing of its ancient meaning. Originally a Teutonic movable tower used by both besiegers and besieged, it developed into a shelter for a watchman in wartime; then into an alarm-bell tower; finally it was completely redeemed: it became one of the loveliest things in the world, the home of a bell, the voice of God, the voice of the Word.

Perhaps no war word is more innocent, etymologically speaking, than *grenade*, which means literally "a pomegranate." Today's slang name of "pineapple" for this miniature bomb is not far from the literal meaning, for the pomegranate belongs to the same order, being literally "an apple having many grains or seeds." It is indeed one of the most glamorous of fruits, exotic and uniquely beautiful. It has a hard outer rind of red or orange, which when removed displays the jeweled grains glowing like garnets on the fine white leather of the inside pulp. Ironical it is, considering what grenade now means, that the pomegranate, because of the abundance and goodness of its pleasant-tasting seeds, has always been

a symbol of fruitfulness. There is a disturbing incongruity in giving to so frightful an object as a grenade the innocent name of a fruit, lovely enough to be used, with its bell-shaped flower, as a decorative motif on the vestments of the Jewish high priest.

*Grenadier* has not had the same development as *grenade*. Our mental image of a grenadier is much less fearsome. Grenadier does not suggest a Jerry nor a Tommy nor a Sammy who throws grenades; a very pleasing image is evoked by the word. A grenadier is a tall handsome fellow, personable and exceedingly well groomed. Originally the grenadiers, four or five attached to a company, were the tallest men in the regiment.

*Bombardier* was used as late as the 18th century to denote a crew member on a bombship who had the office of discharging the guns. Its present use designates the crew member who releases the bombs.

The bombardier has returned; he is no longer one of those who go down to the sea in ships, his business is in the air. Grenadier may also see active service again, but one who belongs in the same regiment with the grenadiers is not likely ever to return, although his name indicates a much more formidable character. I mean the *dragoon*.

The word dragoon first came into

\* 329 W. 102th St., New York City. May 16, 1942.

use in the 17th century as the name of a carbine or musket because it "breathed fire" like a dragon. The mythical dragon, so huge and terrible, literally withering redoubtable knights and warriors, equipped as he was not only with wings but with strong claws and with plate armor instead of skin, was both the terror and delight of the Middle Ages; and St. George, in spite of his sanctity, would have got nowhere without him. The dragon may have had some habits bad for those who met up with him; but he had character and integrity: everything he did was consistent with himself; and he energized man to realize the fullness of his being.

There was a sort of naïveté in giving the name dragon to the musket and then almost simultaneously to the species of cavalry soldier who carried it. The word *musket* illustrates the same practice of naming species of firearms from birds of prey, e. g., *falconet* and *saker*. (It is droll, too, to reflect that musket and mosquito are closely related.) The word musket, deriving ultimately from Latin, *musca*, fly, came into English from Old Norman French as the name of a small sparrowhawk, perhaps because of the diminutive size of the bird. It was used as early as 1587 to denote a hand gun of the kind carried by infantry soldiers. After all, then, a musketeer is only a fellow armed with a musket, but what a world of difference between "three riflemen" and "three musketeers."

The practice of naming firearms after birds of prey is less startling than one which is still current, that of giv-

ing these dangerous instruments ladies' names. Of all the innocent-seeming words, *gun* is the blue-ribboner. For as far as can be ascertained, gun is a lady. The most satisfactory etymology explains the word as a shortened form of a Scandinavian feminine name, Gunilda, or Gunhilda. Gunne, the pet form of the name, is still used in Sweden. Gunilda is simply the medieval counterpart of Big Bertha, and illustrates the inexplicable (we hope) tendency to give feminine personal names to engines of war.

Perhaps the practice of giving a pet name to death-dealing instruments is a manifestation both of masculine love of the engines of war and the chivalry of man's nature. It is pleasant to conjecture that the feminine names of the balloons of London's famous barrage are given as endearments. To support this is the practice, recently noted, of changing the name of a balloon to one of masculine gender when it is taken over by a feminine balloonist.

Some words lose innocence, never again to regain it, like grenade and bullet. A bullet was once a "little ball." "Upon the branches of burdock," wrote somebody in 1578, "there groweth small bullets or round balls." No one will ever record again that the holly tree or the cranberry bush bears red bullets. And no one except a ghost (and ghosts are mercifully speechless, except Hamlet's father) can ever say grenade and evoke the lovely image of the pomegranate. By the innate eccentricity of words, grenadier and dragoon have to a certain extent won re-

demption. There are some other words for which this redemption seems impossible, considering present trends: *parachutist* and *bomb*.

Parachutist has only recently wandered from the path of innocence. Within the past few months it has suffered a hideous transformation and it remains to be seen how far and wide it will travel if it is ever to regain its innate joyousness. There has always been something inescapably gay about a parachutist. I suppose it is the etymological connection with *parasol* (liter-

ally, "against the sun," as *parachute* is, literally, "against a fall").

Once the English longbowmen were a powerful unit in the English army; the longbowmen won Crécy, Poitiers, Agincourt. Now a bowman, English or American, is a sportsman; his bow is not a weapon—it is a plaything, even though the Book of Statutes of Oxford University prohibits the carrying of bow and arrows by undergraduates on the High. The evolution from weapon to plaything is, at any rate, a wholesome change.



## War Words

**Yeoman:** An old English word associated with the tilling of the soil.

It began life as *attendant* or *retainer*. In the U. S. navy, a yeoman is a petty officer with clerical duties.

**Coxswain:** It comes from *swain* and *cockboat*. A sailor who has charge of a ship's boat and crew and usually steers.

**Boatswain:** Swain formerly meant a servant or knight's attendant.

A warrant officer of importance in naval service; he has direct charge of work under the general supervision of the officer of the deck or executive officer.

**Quartermaster:** A petty officer who attends to the helm, binnacle, signals, and other apparatus, under the master or navigator.

**Ensign:** This lowest junior-officer rank came into the U. S. navy after the Civil War. The word is taken from the old-school army vocabulary. The ensign replaced the midshipman, who was pushed back into the naval academy.

**Commodore:** The rank is obsolete. It existed in the U. S. navy until 1899.

**Admiral:** This is one of the few great naval words of exotic origin.

It comes from Arabic, and its native form was *amir-al-bahr*—commander of the sea. Its firm hold in most European languages suggests the maritime power of Saracens in the Mediterranean until the battle of Lepanto in 1571.

From *A Line o' Type or Two* in the *Chicago Daily Tribune* (25 May '42).

# Vitamins

By WILLIAM A. L. STYLES, M.D.

Eat them before they get bottled

Condensed from *Poise*\*

**First came** Fletcherism, whose advocates masticated minutely every food morsel—a craze which soon gave way to vegetarianism. Then came the highly publicized Hollywood 18-day diet which was superseded by the roughage fad which in turn yielded the spotlight to the acidosis folly. This was supplanted by the mineral mania which recently has been displaced by the vitamin jitters—the country's current No. 1 health fad.

Eight different vitamins are recognized today as important for nutrition. In several instances these vitamins, formerly designated by alphabetical letters assigned them before their exact chemical structures were known, now bear chemical names. Thus, thiamin has displaced the older term, B<sub>1</sub>; ascorbic acid now indicates vitamin C; and riboflavin has supplanted the former vitamin G.

Vitamin A, headlined as a potent anti-infection and growth vitamin, is strangely neither one nor the other. True, it is essential to healthy growth, but no more so than any other vitamin. When we have a depleted reserve of vitamin A, or when its intake is inadequate, there is a lessened resistance to infection; conversely, loading up with an excessive amount of this vitamin, over and above that procured from a normal diet, has yet to be proved valu-

able in warding off infections. Such a fact should cause prospective purchasers of cod-liver oil and its substitutes to pause before resorting to vitamin A as a preventive against the common cold.

Everyone should know something of the deficiencies resulting from the absence, inadequacy and even the failure of proper utilization of the various vitamins within the human body. In the case of vitamin A these deficiencies include certain forms of night blindness and retarded growth. With a prolonged absence of fats and other sources of this vitamin, as in the presence of war famine, evil results might readily supervene but hardly otherwise.

Vitamin A is found in many inexpensive foods and all that is necessary is to see that the diet contains such foodstuffs as milk, butter, leafy and yellow vegetables and the oils of deep-sea fish. Anyone who eats those things need never worry about vitamin A. But, if anyone should demand an extra amount of the vitamin, there is no reason to believe that taking the manufactured tablets will produce any harm or result in any added benefits apart from pure mental satisfaction.

Let us consider the vitamin which has eight separate principals: the well-publicized vitamin B. Though bearing

\**National Voice of Catholic Women*, 25 Groveland Terrace, Minneapolis, Minn. June, 1942.

the second letter of the alphabet, this actually was the first vitamin discovered by scientists 30 years ago. The accidental discovery that when brown rice was eaten beriberi disappeared, demonstrated that the basic nutritional difference between polished and brown rice was in the polishing. That much was recognized long before chemical identification of the vitamin was made. We now regard vitamin B not as an entity, but as a group, possessed of two important elements — B<sub>1</sub>, known as thiamin chloride, and B<sub>2</sub>, called riboflavin and sometimes vitamin G.

Thiamin is one dietary essential of which a real shortage may exist even within a well-selected diet. This is brought about by its tendency to be destroyed by heat and the fact that a supposedly satisfactory diet may contain an insufficient amount of raw fruit—a shortage resulting in impaired appetite, retarded growth and reduced intestinal activity. This, however, must not be interpreted as meaning that every case of poor appetite, improper growth and constipation would benefit from the use of an artificially prepared vitamin B.

The important thing to remember about thiamin is that, while it is widely distributed in fruits, vegetables, milk, whole-grain cereals, lean pork and enriched flour, it is easily destroyed by heat, thus calling for the addition of uncooked vegetables and raw fruit in the diet.

The once formidable disease, scurvy, was due to the absence from the diet of fresh fruits and vegetables with their

high content of vitamin C, now recognized as ascorbic acid. Chemically manufactured under the name of cevitamic acid, this vitamin both cures and prevents scurvy. Specific claims for the prevention of dental decay have been advanced for this vitamin but rejected by the American Medical Association. Found in many raw fruits and vegetables, ascorbic acid is most abundant in oranges, lemons, grapefruit, tomatoes, pineapples, strawberries and cantaloupes.

Unfortunately, vitamin C is readily destroyed by heat and in the presence of an alkali—such as the time-honored custom of adding soda to vegetables in order to preserve their original color. Quick pressure cooking, however, preserves this vitamin. Since neither vitamin C nor B<sub>1</sub> are stored in the human body, their supply must be renewed daily.

It is a well-known fact that babies, who have been exposed to sunshine or other sources of ultraviolet rays, and fed on a diet containing plenty of calcium and phosphorus, as milk and eggs, are invariably free from rickets. This explains why infants, fed cod-liver oil or an approved substitute regularly, seldom develop rickets. Hence the familiar term "sunshine vitamin" for this food accessory.

The accepted practice of anointing the skin with so-called vitamin D cosmetic cream is devoid of any scientific foundation. This vitamin is not absorbed from the skin and it is high time the women of America learned the fact that foods, not creams, are the

approved sources of vitamins and lovely skin. Milk, fresh and canned, the latter by irradiation or the addition of a concentrate of the vitamin, are recognized sources of vitamin D.

Health fadists have adopted the unknown vitamin E as their favorite since it enables them to mask unwarranted claims under the mantle of pseudo science. Inasmuch as this vitamin is found in wheat germ, the claims advanced by health racketeers as to its antisterility properties represent wishful thinking rather than scientific truth.

If any reader is anxious to know the truth concerning vitamin F after unprincipled beauticians have recommended its external use as inducing glamorous complexions, let it be said quickly that there is no such vitamin in the lexicon of medical scientists. For a time an alphabetical letter was given temporarily to one of several types of vitamin B, but of recent years the only practical function of vitamin F is to extract money from gullible and vain women.

Styled the vitamin that eluded Ponce de Leon in his quest for eternal youth, vitamin G, known also as B<sub>2</sub> and riboflavin, is undamaged by heating. In testimony of its efficacy against pellagra, it is also called the P.P. vitamin (pellagra preventive). It is found in both fresh and canned foods, such as milk, fruit, leafy green vegetables, peas, figs, liver and kidney, all in the fresh state, as well as in canned fish, beans and tomatoes.

Vitamin H, still imperfectly under-

stood by medical scientists, has managed to secure a wide public sale under various names despite the fact it is devoid of any known human usefulness, as are vitamins I and J.

The so-called antihemorrhagic vitamin, K, plays an important role in producing prothrombin, which is essential for blood clotting. The use of this vitamin has markedly reduced surgical hazards and danger of death from hemorrhage among the new-born. Egg yolk and green leafy vegetables, such as spinach, cabbage and kale, are valuable sources of vitamin K.

It should be more generally known that certain natural foods, particularly dairy products, fruit, vegetables, whole-grain products, fish and lean meat, provide all the vitamins known to be essential to bodily health. These are termed "protective foods." Vitamin concentrates are indicated where unbalanced diets, imposed by low income, ignorance or famine, have resulted from serious food shortages or in deficiency disease, such as scurvy, rickets, beriberi and pellagra. Thus it may be seen that the average person can solve the personal problem of vitamin needs more economically and satisfactorily by a wise selection of common foods rich in vitamin content than in haphazard use of commercial products taken as food substitutes.

It is the nutrition experts, and not financially motivated fakers or uninformed factory managers seeking to speed up their workers, who should determine when vitamins should be administered.



## Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us.]

Bonn, J. L. *And Down the Days*. New York: Macmillan. 306 pp. \$2.50.

Absorbing novel based on the life of Elsa St. John, daughter of the notorious Maria Monk, and her conversion to the Catholic Church.

Considine, John J. *March into Tomorrow*. New York: Field Afar Press. 87 pp. \$2.

Vibrant picture of the young American religious pioneers who march into tomorrow's conquests.

De La Bedoyere, Michael. *Christian Crisis*. New York: Macmillan. 210 pp. \$1.75.

Demonstrates the close relationship between Christianity and the development of western civilization.

Fleury, Barbara Frances. *Faith the Root*. New York: Dutton. 251 pp. \$2.50.

Pleasant story of the last days of an old priest who wishes to return to France, goes to heaven instead.

Gallagher, L. J., S. J. *The China That Was*. Milwaukee: Bruce. 199 pp. \$2.25.

War-battered for seven years, China, a country built on ancient and traditional culture, meets European civilization.

Hoffman, R. J. S. *The Great Republic*. New York: Sheed. 184 pp. \$2.50.

Outlines a philosophy based on historical evidence, which must underlie plans for a permanent peace.

Iswolsky, H. *Light before Dusk*. New York: Longmans. 253 pp. \$2.50.

The convert daughter of a former Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs describes her connections with the French Catholic revival.

Johnson, P. L. *Stuffed Saddlebags*. Milwaukee: Bruce. 297 pp. \$3.

Life of Father Martin Kundig, zealous Swiss missionary who labored in Ohio, Michigan and Wisconsin for 56 years.

Maguire, Capt. William A. (ChC). *Rig for Church*. New York: Macmillan. 251 pp. \$2.

Chatty autobiography of Father Maguire, 25 years a navy chaplain; presentation of people, places, incidents, joys, and worries, against a background of sea spray.

Werfel, Franz. *The Song of Bernadette*. New York: Viking. 575 pp. \$3.  
"A jubilant hymn to the spiritual meaning of the universe."

Woodlock, Thomas F. *The Catholic Pattern*. New York: Simon & Schuster. 202 pp. \$2.

An American Catholic who ranks high in the fields of economics, public service and secular journalism, tells where he and his Church stand in relation to the modern scene; can be read profitably by every non-Catholic and most Catholics.